VOGUE

Continental Edition

CONDÉ NAST, *Publisher*

Late July
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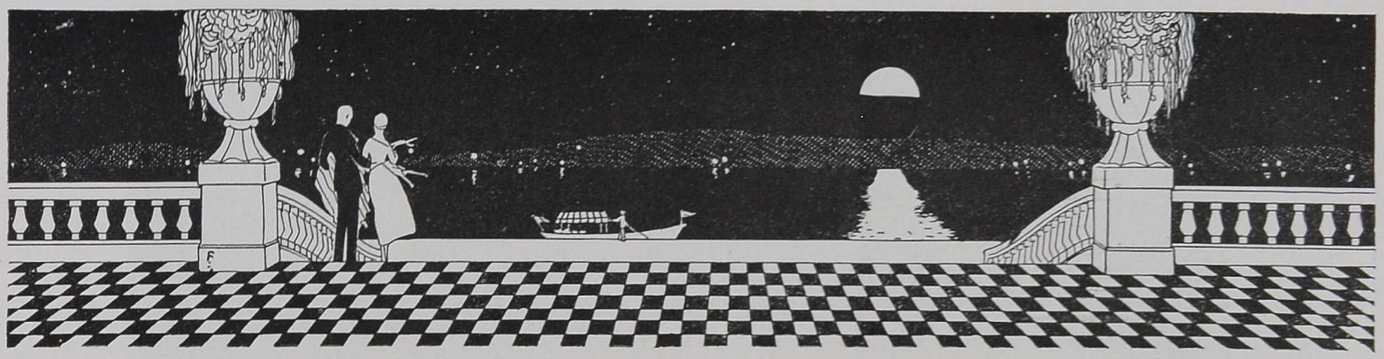

AN OLD THOUGHT FOR NEW PENNIES

OF course one has a right to blanche at the mere thought of looking another thrift idea in the face. As far as the casual observer can see, life has been just one Thrift Stamp after another, and now that the dear old frivolities are coming back into their own, one feels like locking away all the bonds and German helmets and 1914 clothes and calling it a war.

Sensible Spending

That is, one would if it weren't for the Government's idea on the way our pocketbooks should be carried. And, since the middle name of the Government is thrift, one might just as well learn all about it at once and live happy ever after. Because, sayeth the Government, thrift doesn't necessarily mean saving money. The inevitable silver lining shows up according to schedule time even on this doubtfully cheerful question, and, happily enough, is labelled Sensible Spending.

That is, you can spend and spend and spend. You can buy everything you really want, from a diamond tiara to a Baby Tank for the front lawn as long as the things you buy are really good. The important matter is to know that what you yearn for has a lasting and enduring quality—be sure it's good, then go ahead.

Most women, happily enough, think that clothes are the most fascinating of the seven popular sins. There is no reason on earth why one shouldn't have hats and dresses and slippers and fans and frivolities enough to ransom a king—that is, if kings were really worth ransoming any more. And, if one feels that way about it, one can rival the lilies of the field, but in order to live up to the sensible spending idea one must be sure that one's splendour, like theirs, is of the sort that will weather the tests of rare quality and impeccable taste.

New Clothes for Houses

Clothes are not the only things, however, that should be considered by little groups of Serious Spenders. Now that the war is past, we are beginning to wonder just what we can do to our homes in the way of interior decoration and furnishings. Here is a really serious problem, for houses, even the richest, have to wear their costumes much more steadily and permanently than their owners. One should have a wary eye in selecting house furnishings and ornaments. It isn't a matter of actually counting the dollars, but it is a matter of getting the very best possible things,—things that won't seem to grow worn and shabby at an instant's notice but will do what we all are urged to do,—grow old gracefully.

Then there is the matter of antique objects of art, paintings, and books. Here, perhaps, one must use the greatest care and discernment of all. The value of such possessions lies first of all in their unmistakable and genuine quality,—quality which increases with time. Such things can never be extravagant, provided they are good.

Of course one must spend money,—it is the only logical thing to do. But where everything one invests in has real worth, one has mastered the difficult art of spending both wisely and well.

VOL. NO. 54. NO. 1 WHOLE NO. 1122

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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VOGUE is published on the fifth and the twentieth of every month by the Vogue Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York; Condé Nast, President; Barrett Andrews, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; Edna Woolman Chase, Editor; Heyworth Campbell, Art Director; Philippe Ortiz, European Director.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 48 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Central 15-53, 97-88, 29-26; Louvre 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris

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Rolls House
Breams Buildings
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NEW YORK
19 West 44th Street
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Vonork New York

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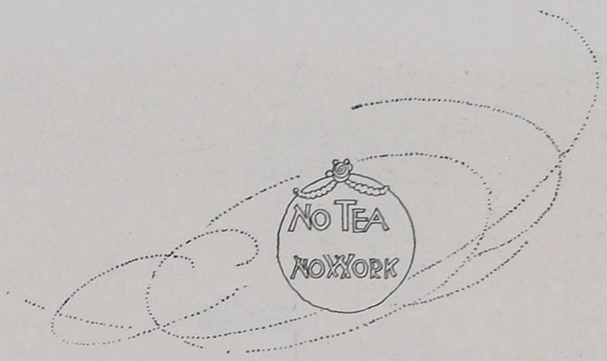
Kazanjian

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

Mrs. Harriman's latest philanthropic interest was the recent campaign in behalf of the stricken peoples of the Near East. The women volunteer workers were under the charge of Mrs. Harriman, and it was largely due to her efforts that the fund was subscribed. She lent her interest, also, to the production of the film drama, "Ravished Armenia," to rouse America to the pitiful tragedy of that Eastern country



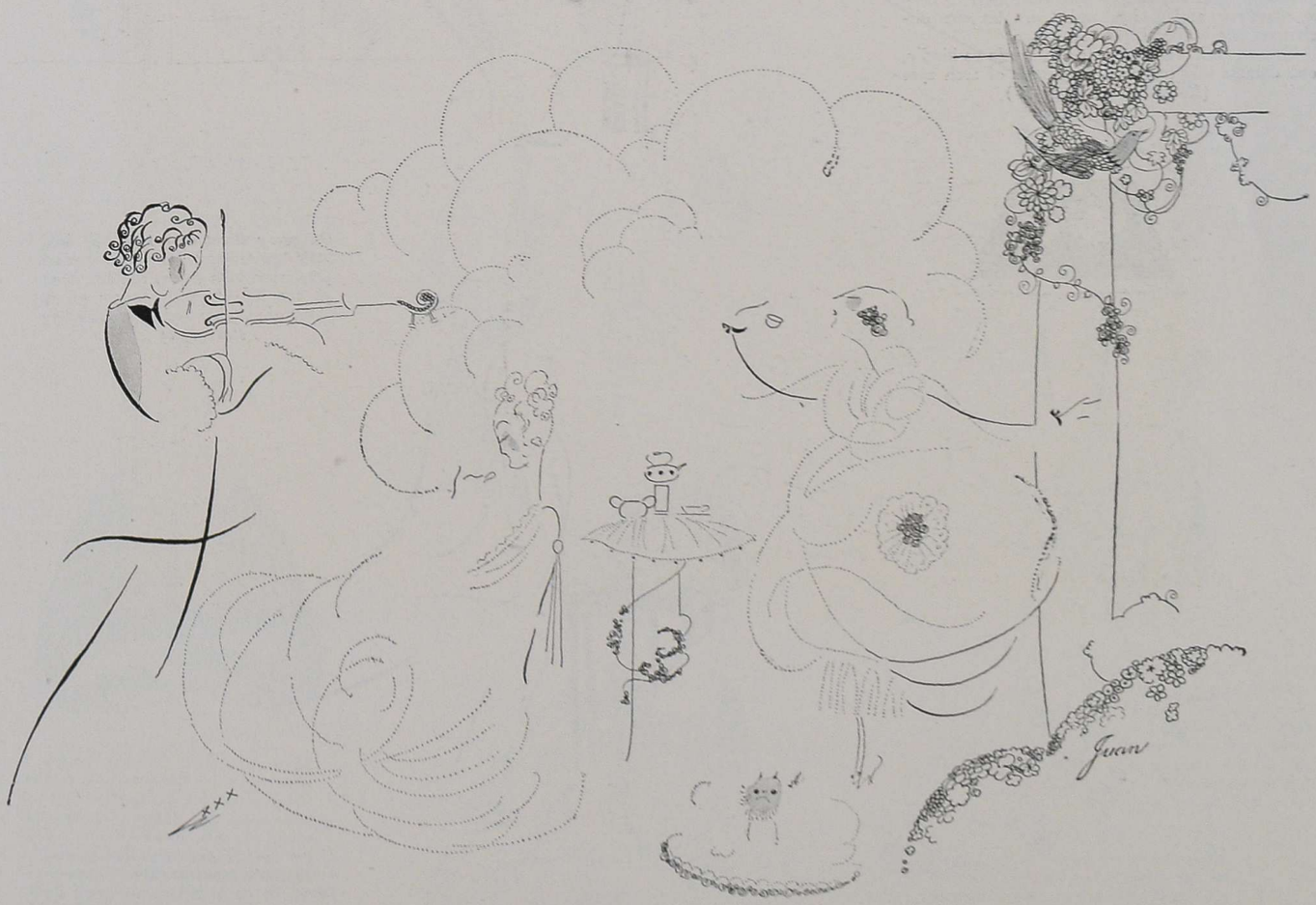
PROHIBITION TEMPESTS IN A TEA-POT

Though Stern Command Forbid Us to Pursue the Light That Lies in Bubbling Glasses, All Will Not Be Lost—"Yo-ho-ho and a Kettle of Tea"

By VIRGINIA BIDDLE

EVERYBODY goes to teas. It really makes no difference what one's private opinions are in regard to the matter, tea means quite as much in one's life as, for the majority of polite society, a working knowledge of mining engineering does not. In everything else, serious or otherwise, one has some personal choice. One can, indeed, refuse to wear a tie, or can claim to be a Bolshevik. One can bore whole dinner parties with dull and perfectly incorrect rambles on the League of Nations, and there is no law pertaining to deft little muzzles which might be snapped on by attentive butlers. But above all else, beyond all else, stands Tea. Tieless genius itself must report on certain days at certain places for tea; the most untamed Bolshevik may swagger about smashing nations with more or less doubtful success, but when it comes to a tea, he is as a shorn lamb led to slaughter, and, once inside the drawing-room, will eat out of your hand. As for the League of Nations, President Wilson, statesman that he is, must succumb to the law of the sugar tongs and teacup, which altereth not, neither doth it change. Which merely goes to prove that one really must drink tea, if indeed one wishes to qualify for active membership in either of the two best known and most successful sexes.

Doubtless you have realized, however, that there are teas and teas. And what would delight one man's soul, is, for another, a pitiful ordeal. It all depends upon your temperament and the star under which you have happened to be born. It may be you were destined to shine at the formal type of tea. If so, it is rather a foregone conclusion that you are a genius or a bachelor or — well, both. It also depends to a larger extent than is generally realized on one's figure. Almost invariably, if one is tall and slender, and carries a cane with a grace and wears a white flower in one's buttonhole with an air, one will be the sort of dashing creature whose place is never, never in the home but in our exclusive drawing-rooms from four to six, talking, posing, charming the susceptible, and scintillating, with equal savoir-faire. And to persons of an observing turn of mind, it will occur, sooner or later, that this marvel of distinction bears a strong resemblance to the illustrations of



Of course we have been long familiar with the garden tea-party, that rosy dream of pink cakes, pink roses, pink organdie frocks, and débutantes with merry little pink souls

those pleasing articles which so enhance some of our lighter monthly magazines, on the Well-Dressed Man.

Such fortunate gentlemen need no further mention. Others there are, less fortunate, to whom the formal tea is a sort of desperate punishment meted out even unto the third and fourth generation. From the moment they enter the door, things begin to get into their way with a horrifying persistency, chairs, butlers, pianos, hostesses, tea-services, and Pomeranians. Displaying a sort of frenzied impartiality, they manage to stumble over them all, until the mere thought of existing any longer in a world so full of tea drives them into clasping the wrong hands, smiling into the wrong faces, saying the wrong things, and succeeding generally in being so awkward that all the king's horses and all the king's men would have a particularly pretty time putting them together again. In vain do these reluctant tea-drinkers sigh after the dapper figures of those who pentameter across the room, lyric into suave speeches, and dramatize gracefully into a chair:—the right chair. When the thing is finally ended, distraught and bordering on a wild state akin to that of the gentleman of Borneo, they emerge with a conviction that it would have been far wiser never to have lived and loved and drunk tea at all.

THE TINKLE OF TEA-TALK

How different, then, is that charming, that most elusive atmosphere of delightful possibilities which attends the informal tea, or, more strictly speaking, tea for two. Firelight, silver, candles, and a pair of white hands all are there. What a friendly talk pervades the scented gloaming. . . .

"O, Albertus," tinkles the fairy voice one has learned to associate with just such entrancing moments, "isn't it surprising about Lillian, poor dear. They say she has told her husband quite seriously that he is utterly impossible. Not that I blame Lillian, for he's a frightful bore—had the butler put the soulful blonde poet out of the house when he brought around his eighty-sixth sonnet to Lillian. Mon Dieu!"

"Ah, well," one sighs, "I have no news. None at all, in fact. And as for Hortense, she told me yesterday that she simply couldn't afford to keep a chauffeur and a husband too. So she discharged her husband."

Talking thus winningly, and in a vein so kindly, one dreams idly on, with the owner of arch eyes

(*Continued on page 88*)

On every street corner will be bold little tea-rooms from which certain gentlemen with whom life has dealt all too harshly will stagger at all hours of the day and night, smelling strongly of tea

If one is tall and slim and carries a cane with grace and wears a white flower in one's buttonhole with an air, one will be the sort of dashing creature whose place is never, never in the home, but in exclusive drawing-rooms

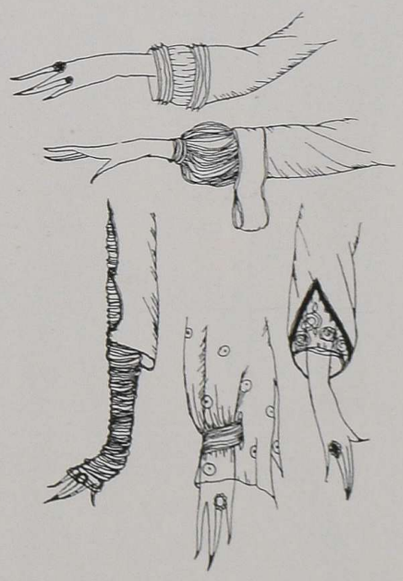
THE FATE OF A FROCK IS OFTEN DECIDED BY THE SHAPE OF ITS COLLAR AND THE TURN OF ITS CUFFS

DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN

A gay little, young little dimity scattered joyfully with flowers needs just such a plain white organdie yoke to button over one shoulder and just so crisp and pert a collar as falls over it in back. The deep cuff also buttons on one side and is bound at the edges

(Left) A sedate frock with an unrelentingly plain bodice allows itself cuffs and a bib-like collar of fine white damask made in four overlapping sections edged on one side with loop fringe and on the other with a narrow linen binding, thus a first impression of severity ends in a last impression of charm

(Below) Sleeves with puffs may be edged with narrow folds or made of something soft and finely plaited. Thin arms become alluring in an under sleeve of closely wrinkled net or chiffon or in the wide sleeve caught about the wrist in front. A delicate bit of lace fills with success the deep V of a three-quarter sleeve



A black and white foulard frock grows younger and more demure when a fichu of soft white net is draped about its shoulders and knotted loosely in front. The long ends run beneath the girdle and are frilly and frivolous with shirrings of net and ruffles of fine lace

A serious-minded dark silk frock with a serious-minded square neck unbends enough to be really feminine in the matter of collar and cuffs. Embroidered batiste forms a narrow collar on either side of the square neck, while two long pieces hang down in front. This same effect is achieved by the cuffs

This crisp organdie vestee guarantees to make the fortune of any frock. It is shirred between bindings of organdie and finished by a demure little collar bound in organdie and embroidered in dots, white or palely coloured, and finished on each side with a black ribbon which flies merrily from under the collar

A gay printed chiffon gown could scarcely dispose more wisely of its neck-line and wrist-line than by giving them over to a vest and puff sleeves of chiffon in a plain colour. The fulness in both vestee and sleeves is shirred into a band and caught by a wisp of ribbon

Agnes makes two old rivals join harmoniously in a cool soft frock for summer afternoons—white Georgette crêpe and rose and white foulard. Rose embroidery dots the Georgette of the blouse and white grosgrain ribbons have a share in skirt and girdle. Above this frock rosebuds bob and nod with gay abandon on the black taffeta bonnet from Maria Guy. First impressions were never more deceptive than when they report the middle frock of cocoa coloured crêpe de Chine as altogether the simplest of frocks. Roland has cut these simple lines with subtlety and bound the edge of neck and belt and drapery with self bindings. The Reboux hat of chocolate brown taffeta has ribbons of many rainbow shades beneath and on top of the brim. Chéruit has used a daring black and white foulard for a frock with a caught-under hem held in by two bands running from shoulder to hem in both back and front. The hat from Georgette is a turban of yedda cloth, a very fine quality of Japanese grass-cloth

MODELS FROM MACVEADY

UNLIKE THE PERENNIAL FLOWER, THE PERENNIAL SUMMER SILK

UNFOLDS EACH YEAR NEW LINES AND STILL NEWER TRIMMINGS

Very usual beginnings may have unusual ends, and so they do when Roland starts a frock from white crêpe de Chine. On either side of the front and back are looped strips, and this same looping makes collar and cuffs. Every loop and the neck and the front are followed with bindings of peach coloured silk. The Reboux hat is of black straw with rosette and brim of olive leaves. The lady on high shows to advantage the charms of her Doucet frock of strawberry linen, embroidered in white threads and trimmed with big fluffy rosettes of white cotton. The Reboux hat is of old-blue straw with a soft brim of rose ribbon. The last frock is from Chéruit and therefore is sure not to be least. It is of crêpe de Chine designed in dull blues and greens and with unusual lines accented by bindings of old-blue ribbon. Another of its originalities is to slip over the head and fasten with one snap. Talbot adds a hat of taffeta embroidered in gay silks and Tuscan cord

MODELS FROM MACVEADY

LIKE THE MAGICIANS OF OLD, THE FRENCH MAKERS LOVE TO

USE THEIR ART TO TRANSFORM THE USUAL INTO THE UNEXPECTED

(Below) The charms of the fascinating widow in "Three for Diana" were never more apparent than when swathed in the shining folds of this gown of green gold tissue clouded over with deep soft brown lace. The long tight sleeves and long square train are of lace, while the girdle is of green and gold tissue. An ornament of coloured beads adds contrasting notes to the front of the bodice

(Below) No flaw mars the crystal of this evening gown worn by Martha Hedman in the hotel lobby scene of her last play. It is remarkably, daringly, simple. The foundation of white charmeuse is hung with an undraped scintillant overdress of crystal beads, and the only colour note is struck by the brilliant fan made of green ostrich feathers which she carried with it

Baron de Meyer

DEMEYER

All sorts of things are likely to happen to a heroine who innocently trails around in a tea-gown of flesh charmeuse veiled lightly, but oh so intricately, with flesh coloured chiffon, which twinkles with tiny swaying silver tassels in front. About it floats a gossamer coat of deeper rose chiffon trimmed with rich cream lace; triple-mirrored dressing-table from Au Panier Fleuri

"THREE FOR DIANA" TREATS THE EYES TO BENDEL GOWNS AND MARTHA HEDMAN

On the programme which opened the Palace Theatre was a tableau by M. Jacques Charles devoted to the coquettries of the patch. The Venetian domino of Miss Teddie O'Neel (top, left) was a many coloured glory of embroidered taffeta and lace and ribbon, and the patch was close beside her lip to peep temptingly over the top of her green wood fan. Miss Vanity Fair in "Bagdad" (below) trailed an Oriental wealth of silver, sapphire, and emerald and daringly wore her patch below the waist. Points of cerise velvet edged in black and gold fell over the Second Empire crinolines of Miss Doris Connell (top, right) flowered in linden green and blue taffeta on a ground of silver Salammbo silk, and the shoulder proved the very place for the beauty-dealing patch. Miss Brogden (top, middle) demonstrated the charm of English eighteenth-century prints and used her patch to emphasize the whiteness of a white hand

COSTUMES DESIGNED BY BENDA; EXECUTED BY DŒUILLET; COIFFURES BY LEWIS

DOEUILLET ASSUMES THE NEW RÔLE OF STAGE COSTUMER IN HONOUR OF "LES GRAINS DE BEAUTÉ" AT THE PALACE THEATRE, THE NEW ENGLISH THEATRE IN PARIS

A dazzling spectacle was "La Grève des Femmes" at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and in it was this march of the Tanagra figurines through lantern-lighted darkness, guided by Madame Cora Laparcerie

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE IN PARIS

The Summer Theatre Season Seeks by Brilliance of Setting To Atone for an Undeniable Lack of Brilliance of Wit

Such a pearl and strass head-dress as this tempts the mode to borrow fashions from the stage

IN some book of dramatic criticism, the name and author of which I no longer remember, I have seen the criticism made that Shakespeare's plays have never any plot, or have at most a plot very badly composed, and that certain of his characters alternate continually between the sublime and the ridiculous, bringing tears to the eyes at one moment and at the next expressing sentiments so absurdly exaggerated that we are driven completely from the mood which the author wishes to produce. Were my veneration for Shakespeare less deep, I might be saddened by the thought that he, too, was not free from those defects which I see so clearly exemplified in the theatre of today, here, there, and everywhere.

NEITHER PLOT NOR SHAKESPEARE

It may be true that Shakespeare built no plot for his plays. It remains no less true that he transports us to the realm of pure beauty. To listen to the plays of our present day, on the other hand, is to search in vain for that beauty which gives strength. No one with a thinking brain could find even distraction in these productions which push triviality and farce to the last extreme. I still prefer the lack of plan and the illogical action of Shakespeare, whom I associate with Molière, who, also, had neither beginning nor end to his plays.

Lacking substance in their plays, our theatrical managers, with praiseworthy skill and intelligence, have set themselves to transform the most of our plays into spectacles in which the decoration, the amusing local colour, and the wonderful lighting replace the wit of former days. Let us, then, learn to live in our own times, or at least to adjust ourselves to them; that in itself is a proof of wisdom. Moreover for the joy of our eyes we have had a series of diverting plays, the first of which in order of time was the "Marche à l'Etoile."

Madame Rasimi invited us to a dress rehearsal of this play, and the response of dramatic critics and of friends was unanimous. Such a crowd filled the entrance hall that as Madame Albert Lambert, who walked just behind me, said, it was like having passports viséd at the frontier, just as long and tiresome. Would you have proof of it? When I stepped from my carriage at the theatre, my gloves were of the correct immaculate whiteness, but when I at last reached my seat I discovered to my horror that they were as black as if I had travelled all night in a train. Fortunately so many women have given up wearing gloves in the evening that I had only to take them off to regain my lost serenity.

At a dinner given by the Princess Murat, the gold brocade gown of the Marquise de Polignac formed an effective composition with the gold braidings of those martial uniforms fast vanishing from Paris

"MARCHE À L'ETOILE"

In one of the boxes was Madame des Aubraies wearing curled about head and neck one of those Reboux hats made of a single long plume clinging softly as a caress. The very thing for evening wear is this, since they refuse to let us wear the big hats which were so becoming with the new evening gowns.

It would be somewhat difficult to give here the theme of the play put on by Madame Rasimi for Gaby Deslys and Pilcer. The "Marche à l'Etoile" is a fantasy rather than a play, and it shows the dancing

Hat and plume of Mademoiselle Cécile Sorel matched the jade of her necklace

star in a succession of costumes each more astounding than all the others. The skill expended in combining jewels and impalpable tissues and in piling phenomenal coiffures higher and higher amounts to a miracle. It is an acrobatic performance dominated by grace, just as the costuming is drapery set off by nudity.

It must be admitted, however, that if the "Marche à l'Etoile" is not a play to appeal to the mind, it is, at least, the per-

The "Marche à l'Etoile" presents Gaby Deslys characteristically clad in such extravagant yet lovely costumes as this in yellow and softly toned mauve

fection of that type in which beauty and good taste form the most decorative of spectacles. Colour is handled with great skill by Madame Rasimi; I noted not a single fault of taste, and the same thing was true of the costumes of Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys, whose mauve and yellow costume would make a delightful evening gown. Her gown of ostrich plumes in all colours of the rainbow was a marvel. In fact, in each of her costumes there was a definite idea; from every colour combination one might draw inspiration, as she herself has drawn from Beardsley the very beautiful lines of the cape of silver and jet striped material which she wears in the first act.

At the Théâtre de la Renaissance, "La Grève des Femmes," inspired from Aristophanes, is a dazzling spectacle. Lightly

Mlle. Yvonne Printemps wins laurels in "Le Mari, la Femme, et l'Amant," a new play by her husband, Sacha Guitry

In the boxes at the theatre, gloves have given place to bracelets so many and elaborate that even the rings are subordinated. The buckskin bag matches its shell top and the lorgnette is gray or white mother-of-pearl

veiled women, their tunics glistening with crystal, float along Greek terraces before a sapphire sea, swaying in sensuous dances; all this revolves about war profiteers, soldiers back from the front, and men of the political world, who, although apparently of the time of Aristophanes, seem to represent under thin disguise the men of to-day. *"Plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose."*

The same reflection comes to mind in looking around the audience. The faces familiar before the war reappear in the boxes and chairs, a little less young, no doubt, but so little changed. The coiffures of women are different, did they say? Perhaps, but who would have supposed so? Hairs have been cut, no doubt, but since they appear now dressed as if they had never known shortness, the effect on the spectator is the same as in the days before the war had done its worst to change our world.

"LA GRÈVE DES FEMMES"

Madame Cora Laparcerie, with her surprising energy and her understanding of stage-setting has again accomplished a marvel. She has been aided, of course, by such artists as Louis Sûe and Boutet de Monvel, and the costumes are by other artists such as Redfern and Lewis, a wise collaboration which accomplishes the end of giving us a spectacle of a richness and movement rarely attained at present. The act at the house of the courtezans which begins with the *"Tanagra aux lanternes"* standing out in the darkness of the night against a house lighted only from the inside, was most successful in æsthetic effect.

At the time of the dances of intoxication and madness, the brilliance reached its height in the host of wonderfully embroidered peplums, and the head-dresses of loops of brilliants, designed by Lewis, added irresistible charm. It may be that the mode will adopt this head-dress to beautify our evenings in place of the eternal coiffure of which we are so weary. Such a change was foreshadowed by the coiffure of Mademoiselle Marnac at this

From Beardsley came the inspiration for the astounding cape of tissu de jais and silver which swathes Gaby Deslys in the first act of the "Marche à l'Etoile

performance, — not that she had adopted this head-dress, but her coiffure differed from that of all the other women present. Her auburn hair was drawn very high in the 1830 manner, leaving the forehead bare. The gown which she wore was from Chéruit, a green and silver brocade embroidered in tones of green. Green, it would seem, has never been smarter than at present and it is becoming to many types.

Seeing thus at premières and dress rehearsals the theatres filled with audiences clad with distinction and elegance, we might well sigh for the novel curtain inaugurated by the Little Theatre of London, consisting of a crystal mirror. Thus to watch beauty beautifully clad rival the beauty of the stage, what an occupation for the entr'actes! But, alas, the audience of every day has

(*Continued on page 86*)

A vision of youth was Mlle. Printemps in printed voile and taffeta. Blue silk jersey suited equally her pliant lines

AFTER THE RACES PARIS PREPARES FOR THE SEA

Early Summer Finds All Paris at Its Gayest, Early July Finds It All at the Seashore

PARIS and London, so unlike each other in most respects, are alike in one; the month of June marks for both of them the height of that period of the year which is somewhat obscurely named "the season." While New York women are installed in their summer homes, revelling in the freedom and informality of sports clothes and those ephemeral little summer frocks for which Americans are famous, their prototypes in Paris and London are rushing madly from garden fête to dinner-party, from race-track to ball-room, dressed in their very best, which, nevertheless, they change several times a day. London continues its diminishing gaieties as far into the month of July as Parliament wills, for the length of the sitting of that august body does much to determine the duration of the season. Paris, on the contrary, begins to prepare for a less formal existence after the Grand Prix has been run; the schools close about the first of July, and after that begins the grand exodus to the *bains de mer* or to the luxurious country houses.

NEW LIFE AT THE RACES

No need to say that the French are looking forward to a season of far greater interest and activity than was possible during the long summers of the war. Many of the hotels and casinos, which were turned into hospitals, have folded up their cots and dusted off their roulette tables, while at Deauville the race track has been the subject of careful attention in preparation for the Grand Prix Deauville, which is one of the most important events of the year from the point of view of the mode, as many ideas for the Autumn are launched on that day by the big dressmaking houses.

Gregoire, Paris

Mlle. Spinelli wears sandals with her gay black faille pyjamas designed by Barclay

Sea bathing is very popular in France, and at the hour of high tide the beaches are crowded. It is true that the French four hundred are not represented there; for in their world it is not considered the thing to bathe in public. They take their dip on private property, their own or their friends', in front of some little break in the chalky cliffs with which the coast of Normandy is guarded. In France, there is no summer equivalent of Palm Beach, where the omnipresent photographer may snap bathing costumes worn by women of social prominence on two continents; there is not even the modified seclusion of a Bailey's Beach, for bathing is a strictly private affair.

ON THE FRENCH BEACHES

But the crowd on the plage is very entertaining for all that; with its groups of amusing bathing suits, its ample capes and peignoirs of quaint forms and colour schemes. These latter are worn to the water's edge by those who really intend to indulge in swimming. There they are given into the hands of a maid or of an attendant cavalier, while Madame, in her little *maillot*, takes a quick plunge for the distant raft. Whether she wears a conventional suit with a short skirt, or the scanty costume of a real swimmer, she appears without stockings. On a French plage stockings are not considered proper. Some women, a few years ago, caused a sensation by the simple means of wearing them with their bathing-suits. This difference in proprieties is based on psychological divergencies far too deep for such a let-

LANVIN

French bathing-suits are very gay, and this one of black satin has lines of blue, red, and green and a gay green satin beret

LANVIN

More important than the bathing-suit is this beach peignoir of cream cotton velours with bands of chocolate coloured cotton

LANVIN

This suit of olive wool jersey, belted with orange jersey, is embroidered in bands of citron yellow and turquoise mercerized cotton

ter as this; it is another illustration of the Puritan as opposed to the Gallic mode of thought; the one gets around the facts of life by trying to conceal them, while the other makes them so obvious that they become commonplace and cease to excite curiosity. Whatever the fundamentals of the case may be, the fact remains that the three charming bathing costumes designed especially for Vogue by Lanvin all have their slippers but no stockings, so they must be French. The big peignoir of cream cotton velours, with the unusual colour scheme of chocolate and grey, is worn by a real swimmer and conceals a black *maillot* until the last moment at the ocean's very brim.

The summer clothes from Jenny, shown on this page are almost a complete resort wardrobe in themselves. There is the suit, for cool mornings, of coral homespun with its amusing

It is all bright coral colour and French genius, this jaunty summer tailleur of homespun. Lined with coral coloured silk, faced with white homespun, and belted with tube-shaped coral beads, it is going, of course, to the beach, and so is appropriately named "Plage"

belt of big coral beads. Really hot days on the Normandy coast are rather the exception than the rule; in fact it was the chilly breezes of the English Channel which were responsible for the origin of summer furs, so welcome at Deauville, so incongruous on Fifth Avenue. When the sun shines brightly, one may don such summery attire as is shown in the two sketches of frocks developed in Rodier materials. One of them is a little white cotton crêpe with well placed spots

"Au Jardin," a frock of white Rodier cotton crêpe, has a collar turned up in embroidered pockets, panels turned up in the same way, and a Japanese bow of black taffeta. The puff of crêpe just below the sash in front means Jenny

of black and colour. A gown designed by Jenny is usually easy to draw, the artists tell me, because the "dark spots" are arranged with such effectiveness that the drawing is sure to give interesting colour values. The other is a combination of citron yellow, white, and bright green —the green of glossy laurel leaves. It has the prevailing scanty sleeves, but the arms are covered with a scarf of the striped material, a revival which was prophesied last year when short sleeves in the daytime were introduced, but which did not materialize. To make the scarf

Paris loves ruffles, and "Citronade," a frock of Rodier cotton voile in strips of yellow, white, and green is one ruffle after another below a bodice of yellow cotton velours called "Vellada." The scarf is of voile

This casino frock of horizon blue chiffon, "Hortensia," made over blue chiffon spotted with coral dots, has a chemise embroidered in blue beads. Chiffon beneath the chemise gives a vague hem line. In the back are ribbon streamers of coral, tied in innumerable bows

from the material of the gown is something new, and the manipulation of its length gives that opportunity for individualism in dress, so continually sought by the Frenchwoman. The fourth little frock, of two shades of chiffon, is just the thing for evening wear in the Casino and well adapted to the present craze for dancing, and the "Follow-me-lads" ribbons flutter alluringly to a waltz or a fox-trot.

I am told that the wardrobe of most Parisians contains but few strictly "summer" dresses this season. Many women find themselves to some degree still under the obligation of war economy, and as the climate of France permits thin materials for such a short period of the year, it is in the direction of muslin, cotton, and organdie

PREMET

"Tout de Suite" exemplifies Premet's habit of embroidering black satin until it looks like some gorgeous Oriental fabric. The bodice has the long vague lines dear to this house, and the skirt, opening at one side, falls over an elaborately embroidered foundation

PREMET

Both tunic and bodice of this black satin gown, "Casanova," are embroidered with groups of flowers in jade green beads and fluffy black fringe. The back of the gown is embroidered, too, since embroidery is now a passion with Premet

PREMET

"Biarritz" a gown in plain black satin, has long silk fringes in the back put on in separate strands by hand. A square little bodice, rather long-waisted as usual, has a jaunty red silk lining which shows at the edge, and the collar buttons in back

Givenchy

LANVIN

One of Lanvin's greatest successes is a cape-suit embroidered in white. The distinctive note is the effect of white gloves with gauntlet cuffs embroidered to match the suit

frocks that this economy is practiced. At the date of preparation of this letter, many of the great houses, therefore, are still working in heavier materials. Among these, black satin certainly holds the place of highest favour. Should ardent statisticians compute the distance that could be covered by all the frocks of this material in existence at the present moment, they would probably find that, placed end to end, they would make a neat black satin girdle for the waist of Old Mother Earth herself. The gowns of this material, from Premet, are characteristic of this house, which loves to take a somewhat banal material and change it by magical embroidery into a sumptuous Oriental fabric. All three gowns show the long vague waist-line and the skirt with floating sections, which Premet favours for the present mode. One of them has its whole foundation skirt embroidered in a pattern of bright blue diamonds and little jade green tassels in groups of three. The other has its overdress, waist, and skirt entirely covered with flowers of jade green china beads and little brushes of black ravelled silk, placed in groups of eight. Both of those gowns open to the waist over little chemisettes, for the chemisette, in lace, net, organdie, linen, or embroidery, reigns supreme for the moment. The third gown shows an original interpretation of the mode of fringes which the dancing craze has brought into being; in this case the fringes, in long separate strands put on by hand, decorate the back of the skirt, leaving the front quite plain.

A PREMET GOWN FOR SUMMER

The fourth Premet frock, shown on page 39, is a real summer gown, cut very cleverly of heavy silk jersey in the green of an aquamarine. Four long sash ends are the motifs of this gown. The front section of the waist ends in two of them,

Givenchy

LANVIN

When she trips away, one sees the back of the cape belonging to the suit shown in the other photograph,—embroidered gorgeously with a wonderful black and white design

LUCIE HAMAR

Paris hats abandon themselves to flowers and brims this spring, and when the brim is soft lavender crin and the tiny flowers are of pale Dresden colours, one has absolutely no criticism for the way they choose to indulge themselves

LUCIE HAMAR

A big curving hat of glazed lavender chintz trims itself this way and that with a bewitching lattice of tiny flowers and lines its broad brim with a very dark blue picot straw. The result is a bit of Paris and a bit of summer

LUCIE HAMAR

Hats are also devoted to fruits this season, and one understands why, when one sees this green picot straw, slashed and bound in green ribbon and decorated with dangling green cherries and leaves

LUCIE HAMAR

A hat of manila straw in a burned straw colour has an effective vermicelli trimming of one strand straw with a band and ornament of white rat-tail braid and a piquant swoop of large brim

which are brought from the back and knotted in the front to form the girdle. The opening at the neck is continued into two more, which may be twisted around the throat like a scarf, left to hang free, or worn down the back tucked under the girdle. All the edges of the frock are bound in white grosgrain ribbon, and the side sections of the skirt are buttoned to the narrow foundation with two rows of white silk buttons and tailored buttonholes.

A BRIGHT SPORTS COSTUME

The hat worn with this green jersey frock is from Lucie Hamar, as are all the others on this page. The one for country wear is of coarse natural coloured straw with a soft mushroom crown encircled with a wreath of cock's feathers of unequal lengths. The basket, designed by Lucie Hamar, is just the thing to carry on the arm of such a gay green frock. It is an amusing affair, of Chinese straw matting with a band around the top and a handle of heavy knitted wool in beige colour and a lining of dull blue cretonne with a pattern of a black oval containing the figure of an 1840 lady dressed in chocolate brown. Very summery are the other hats from this house, for if there is a certain reserve to be observed in summer dresses, there is none whatever in millinery. Two of these

PREMET

"Sporting" is one of the truly sports dresses made in Paris. It is of green silk jersey bound, wherever bindings are possible, in white grosgrain ribbon and has a collar of scarfs. The hat from Lucie Hamar is of rough straw with a soft crown and cock's feathers. The basket is of Chinese matting

models are ornamented in an original way with long strings of Dresden flowers, pink, blue, white, yellow, purple, and red, with tiny green leaves. The floppy hat in lavender grey horsehair was designed for a bridesmaid, while the other has an unusual foundation of glazed chintz. But the hats of this house are full of originalities; I saw big dark blue organdie cloches, trimmed at the side with a short frill, facing toward the front of the hat, of the blue organdie, with another of soft pink inside it. There is a little hat of leghorn with its brim turned up all round and faced with a bit of faded silk tapestry upon which flowers of taffeta in soft pastel shades are placed.

NOVEL SUMMER HATS

There is a Russian tiara effect in black satin, mounted upon a small leghorn shape, the satin decorated with laurel leaves in a bright green which recalls the uniforms of the court of Napoleon, each put on with a line of flat gold thread to outline it. There is a charming hat in old gold broché, trimmed with a wreath of cleverly made flowers of the same; and there are wide sailors made of shiny dark straw with turned-up brims, and lined with rows and rows of intricately folded grey ribbons, recalling the underside of a mushroom. Still others are made of heavy white muslin, with dressing enough in the

material to hold the brim stiff and in shape.

Hats designed after the pattern found in old English prints are to be very popular when the dog days arrive. The three shown on this page are from Charlotte Hennard. One is in white organdie with a crown made of big vague folds, crushed together like a bellows, and a double brim with a wreath of big white daisies with yellow centres between the two edges. Another has a great soft crown of black silk net, corded with three cords to give it body, while the net brim is veiled with black silk filet lace. The third is of marron tulle, with a plaited brim and a big bow at the side front. It is worn so far forward that the eyes are quite hidden. All these hats suggest eighteenth-century white dresses with fichus and sashes.

HENNARD

A very daring billowy crown of black silk net, corded to keep it from puffing away, has a brim equally sheer and alluringly veiled in black silk filet lace

HENNARD

Far over the charming eyes of a little French coquette settles an audacious mushroom hat of marron tulle, plaited as to brim, severe as to crown, and utterly French as to big tulle bow tied at one side of the peep-in-at-me front

The two little dresses on this page are from the private wardrobe of Jane Rénouardt, the pretty actress who wore with such grace her eighteenth-century clothes in "Casanova." Her beauty is suggestive of white wigs and patches, and one can imagine how charming she will look in the mauve linen, with its two neat rows of tiny buttons down the front and its ruffles at the sides. The belt is of rosettes of old-rose ribbon, and the hat is a big mushroom of black tulle, the eyes veiled with a bias of tulle which lends them mystery. A hundred straws point to wider skirts in August, and many women who, like Mlle Rénouardt, are in advance of the accepted mode, are already favouring them. The skirt of the black tulle dancing gown which Georgette made for her is very full indeed, and is in many layers, dotted at intervals with flat faded pink roses. The sash is made of two moire ribbons, the outer one black and the inner one faded pink. The frock is almost backless, as the vogue demands that it should be, and fastens on the shoulder with a rose. M. H.

HENNARD

A sheer crumpled crown of organdie, a double brim, a wreath of big, white, yellow-eyed daisies between the edges, an indefinably charming eighteenth-century air, and — voilà —the hat above all others for a demure fichued frock

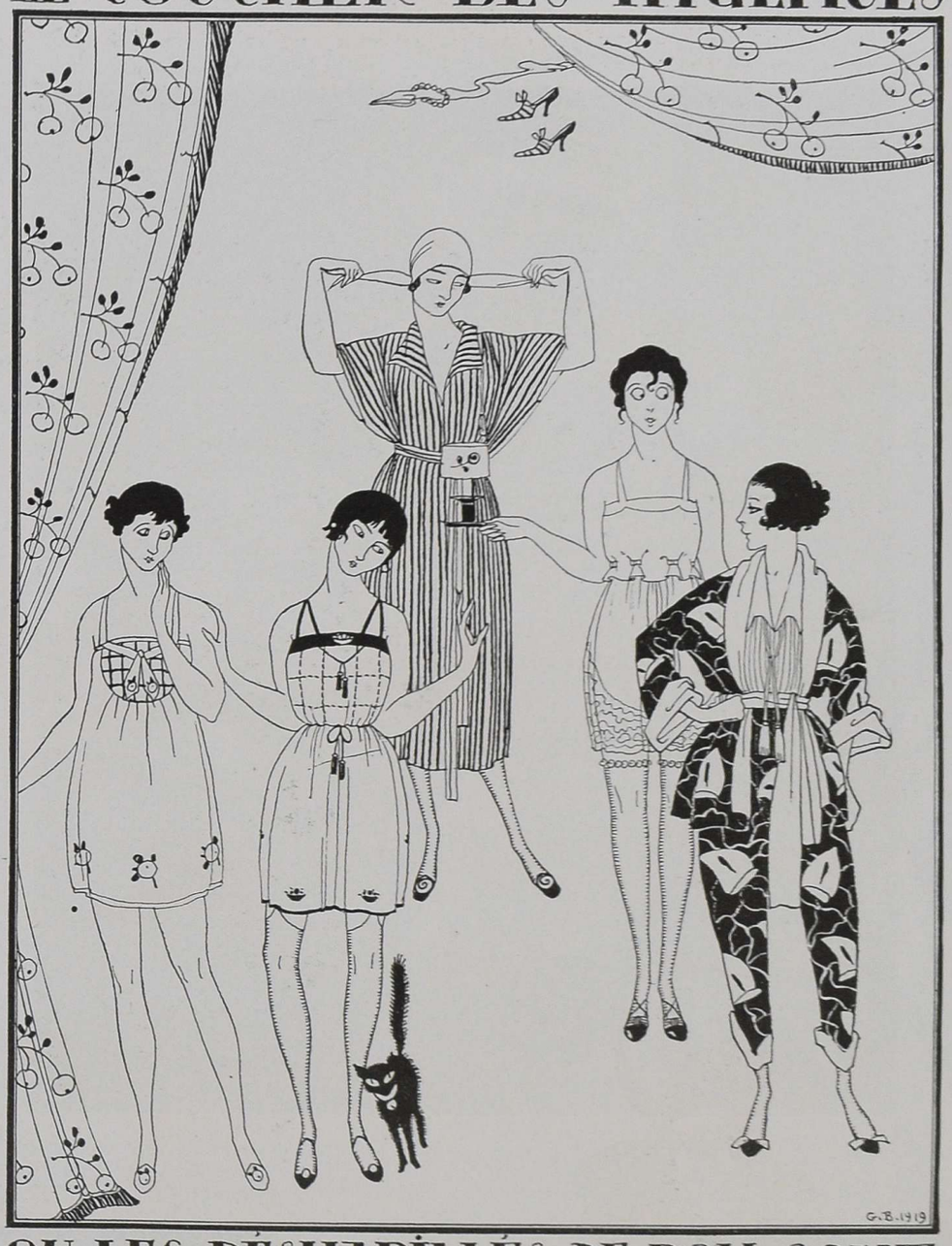
GEORGETTE

Jane Rénouardt, in private life, wears a dance frock of black tulle very full indeed. It is made of many layers of tulle dotted with flat pink roses and girdled with two moire ribbons, one of black and an inner one of pale pink

GEORGETTE

Jane Rénouardt's beauty suggests white wigs and patches, and one may imagine the quaint charm of her in this mauve linen with its neat rows of tiny buttons, its soft side ruffles, and a girdle of rosettes of old-rose ribbon

LE COUCHER DES INGÉNUES



OU LES DÉSHABILLÉS DE BON GOUT.

In a world satiated with flesh coloured Georgette crêpe and pale blue ribbons, it is a delightful novelty to come upon two chemises with original embroidery and the bold intention of becoming the most interesting part of a transparent blouse; from Mlle. Courtois. The striped silk gown above looks like a dressing-gown, but therein lies deception, for it is a nightgown for travelling. The flesh satin camisole may be worn under sheer blouses. Last of this Premet lingerie is the pair of pyjamas of novel design

LINGERIE THAT LIVES *up to* MODERN EXPECTATIONS

It Is Daring Originality Rather Than Fragile Bits of Lace or Beguiling Ends of Ribbon That Wins Favour for the New French Lingerie

THE modern world has conceived an absolute passion for lingerie—in fact it takes most of its pleasures that way. The most poetic passages in its favourite monthly serial are devoted to the description of certain trailing tea-gowns of irresistible appeal. The shop windows display quantities of even more intimate raiment. In the theatres, lingerie takes all the important rôles, and, no matter how poor the play, let a pair of pink pyjamas come innocently upon the stage, and that play is swept to success. Lingerie of such prominence, however, may not be like the more retiring lingerie of yesterday. Lingerie lovers are frankly blasé. It takes more than the old coquettish frill of lace or the perky blue bow to bring an ecstatic flutter to the feminine heart.

Of the two chemises designed by Mlle. Courtois, the one at the left has a wicker basket embroidered on the silk front and a droll little tie ending in embroidered apples. The same fruit is scattered at the bottom of the short skirt. Its companion has a bodice embroidered in squares, and the straps and top edge are strips of dark blue satin.

The camisole from Premet is made of broad flesh coloured satin with a fold of Georgette crêpe at the top. The Premet pyjamas might—except for the trousers—be the most dashing of sports suits, for the loosely sashed coat opens over a tailored blouse of jonquil silk, and the same gay yellow silk makes a collar and sash and cuffs for coat and trousers, all in pleasant contrast to the printed Bianchini silk of the suit. Premet has also made the ingenious night-robe of striped silk which may be worn for travelling with perfect composure, since it resembles a dressing-gown.

MIDSUMMER IS MIRRORED IN GAILY TRIMMED HATS

(Left) It is the distinction of a large hat of natural colour leghorn to wear with a fetching air an unusually piquant combination of black taffeta and narrow Valenciennes lace in a deep cream shade. Narrow triangular sections of taffeta, outlined with lace, join to make the crown, and under the brim is a partial facing of the same material and a becoming affair of lace and taffeta ruffles quaintly at the back

Baron de Meyer

(Left) Light as a feather and all of sheer pale lemon yellow organdie for the light to shine through, a midsummer hat which curves gracefully down at the sides and up at the back wears two large full-blown roses with curled petals

HATS FROM OGILVIE

POSED BY ANN ANDREWS

(Right) An inevitable and colourful companion for the sports costume is this smart sports hat of rough straw in a warm burnt orange shade, tied with a sash of India print in vivid colours, and lined under its wide brim with a rich sapphire blue rajah silk

BRIMS TIP, TILT, *and* WREATHE THEMSELVES *with* FLOWERS

DEMEYER

This is the picture she sees in the mirror—a wide encircling brim in pale lovely lavender topped by a wreath of forget-me-nots encircling her hat of horse-hair braid. Over the left shoulder falls a length of velvet ribbon in twilight blue. Neither she nor anybody else will be apt to overlook the face, the fairer for its enchanting background

Baron de Meyer

POSED BY ANN ANDREWS

HATS FROM JONAS

It's more than a promise of summer, it's an announcement that the flower-laden hat has returned, for sprays of lavender lilacs weigh down the front of its much-curving leghorn brim faced with Georgette crêpe, and several gorgeous velvet pansies add their varying purples to its charm

(Right) Black taffeta, as one knows, may do much on its own unaided merits, but when Reboux turns up the brim like this, encircles it with a line of fine lace and coloured ribbon, and catches the back with one pink rose, allowing two others to dangle by their stems, then there is indeed a delightful hat

White satin and crystal beads—that unrivaled combination—holds its own by virtue of scintillating beauty even in the rainbow of colours which fill the modern ballroom. The bodice is untrimmed except for the shoulder-straps of crystal beads outlining the deep armholes, which are partly filled in with soft white lace, and the corsage of small white satin flowers interspersed and outlined with crystal beads and drops, which also form the double chain-like girdle low on the left hip. The skirt, swathed in graceful fashion, drops a narrow panel train of the satin from the right hip

This gown of French blue taffeta has, at first glance, an almost beguiling air of simplicity, but upon closer scrutiny one notes such delicate details as the bodice of French blue silk net with its rounding V-neck and short sleeves, both of which are outlined with fine crystal beads; one notes, too, the short, uneven, net tunic and the unusual girdle which consists of a belt of the net outlined at each side with cherry coloured ribbon faced with silver and ending in a rosette. The skirt is of the taffeta

(Right) At all social gatherings black predominates, proving that the majority of smart women realize the advantages of that sombre colour, for whether one is fair or dark, black is equally flattering. Over a foundation of black satin falls a full tunic resembling a minaret and banded with embroidery done in tiny jet beads and weighted with lines of larger jet beads. The long-waisted bodice consists of two bands of the embroidery, and the shoulder-straps run into jet-fringed ends which hang loose from the under-arm. The narrow satin train is detachable and hangs its slim length from one side of the back

MODELS FROM MISS RITCHIE

JET AND CRYSTAL BEADS HAVE CONTRIBUTED THEIR SHARE TO THE FINAL SUCCESS OF THESE SILKEN EVENING GOWNS

Baron de Meyer

Black and white have cooperated to make this frock, and the result is convincingly effective, particularly when worn by statuesque loveliness. The draped bodice is of white charmeuse with collar and cuffs of black chiffon embroidered in silver. A row of tiny pearl buttons starts at the neckline, curves around the waist, and ends in a pearl buckle on the right hip. The skirt is draped; from Frances

(Left) The sleeves of afternoon frocks are diminishing in an alarming manner as if meeting the heat of summer half way. This frock combines black charmeuse and beige Georgette crêpe. The long-waisted bodice is of the crêpe with an all-over design of black beads and black silk. The loose drapery at the back of the black charmeuse skirt is lined with beige Georgette crêpe; from Miss Ritchie

(Right) A trifle futuristic but altogether charming is the contrast of black charmeuse and black and white figured chiffon combined in this frock. The revers of the black charmeuse bodice are of white chiffon striped with black cords, and the tiny vestee is made of narrow ruffles. The skirt drapes itself around the figure and meets under the black satin girdle which is loosely knotted; from Pursell

WHO CAN TELL WHICH IS THE BETTER HALF OF AN AFTERNOON GOWN MADE OF TWO CHARMING FABRICS?

THE HEAD-DRESS MAKES THE COSTUME BRILLIANT

An Evening in a Paris Theatre Reveals Coiffures Glistening with Fantastic Ornament

At the theatre a handsome Englishwoman wore her dark hair wrapped around her small shapely head. She ornamented it with a novel diamond tiara, the centre a plume of glycerinized black ostrich of which the rib was encrusted with diamonds

A head-dress worn at the opening of the Palace Théâtre was banded in the middle with blue feathers—blue as the kingfisher enamel of the Chinese. Tulle bronze like the colour of the hair made a crown and a shade over the eyes

EVENING dress may not be particularly exciting in every case, at the present moment in Paris, though it is undeniably beautiful, but evening head-dress is a matter of great moment. Women seem to have spent hours in studying their types, and a gathering of fashionable women is like a dinner to which the guests have been invited to come with "têtes parées." At the theatre where the fashion of wearing evening dress, banned during the war, is rapidly making its former customary appearance, one sees an amazing array of coiffures arranged in fantastic fashion with tulle swathing, with feathers, flowers, turbans of gold or silver cloth, with jewels, jet tassels, lattices, or pearls, and decorations which in other times found place only on the stage itself and never in the audience. The five sketches on this page might be multiplied endlessly, for one visit to the Ritz on a typical night will give much interesting material, while the coiffures of the women spectators in the theatre divide attention with the scenes on the stage at every première or répétition générale.

One head-dress seen at the Ritz illustrated the beauty of contrast between gold and green; the hair of dull golden hue, and as perfectly straight and smooth as the precious metal itself, was wrapped close and high about the head. In the front was a large butterfly of emeralds; and a band of the same stones encircled the head and was held in the back by another smaller butterfly. The effect was at once suggestive of a personality. A slender woman dressed in a clinging robe of black jet, cut square at the neck, completed her costume with a Juliet cap of jet beads. Another wore a cap which might have come out of a Florentine portrait; it was all black and gold with dangling tassels of jet over each ear. A third had encircled her head with a band of turquoise green enamel, and in the front was a peacock crest of goura feathers in the same shade. Still another wore a band of plain gold around her black hair with a glycerinized black plume run through at one side sweeping her bare shoulder caressingly each time she moved her head.

These head-dresses, and the ones sketched on this page, are examples of the charm, the mystery, the illusive personality a head-dress may suggest. Very true it is that the coiffure may make or mar the woman. She who neglects the glorious opportunity of expressing her dream self, of becoming what she most wants to be, in a twist of metal cloth or a regalness of plume deserves to sit unsought in shadowy corners while her wiser sisters hold a very court. It is so easy a matter to become a subtle creature of mysterious fascinations, when one's head is dressed unmistakably like an Oriental queen's. A wistful smile, a direct ingenuous glance proves dangerously alluring from behind a veil of tulle and under the glitter of an Oriental metal cloth turban. The Parisian, who is the source of all coquetry, all feminine lore, realizes the significance of a head-dress wisely chosen, knows that hearts may be won, and fame as well, through the artful quiver of an aigrette, the shape of a bit of soft tulle, or the glitter of a happy jewel.

(Above) It was at the Ritz that this striking head-dress was seen. Black hair was dressed very high and smooth, and from the tiara of diamonds that made a point in front, black osprey stood out in curling tendrils

True to the Orient in its line and its hoop earrings of pearls, this silver cloth turban at the opening of the Palace Théâtre showed not a wisp of hair

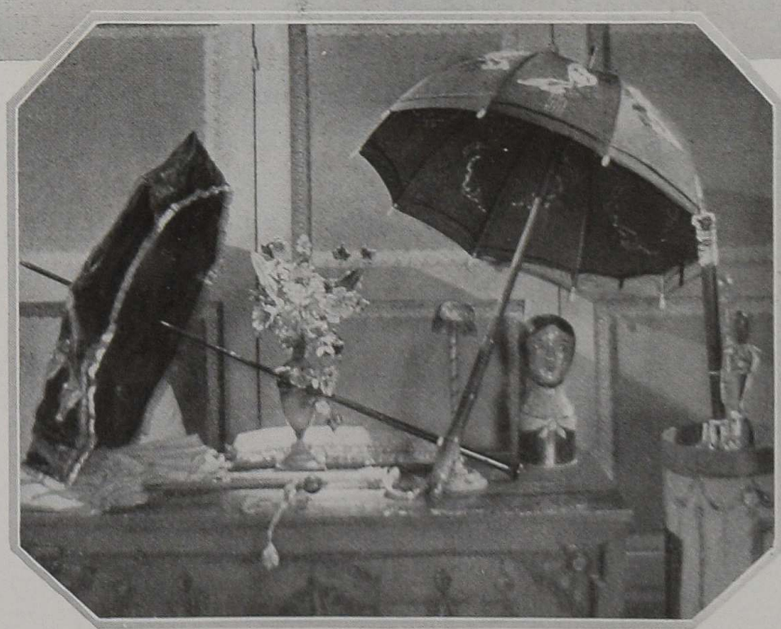
(Right) Over the short shining brown coiffure of a young girl was arranged a wreath of rose red velvet poppies with a quaint little cap of dead leaf tulle

(Right) One of the newest parasols (left) is of black taffeta with an old-fashioned embroidered design, rose and black with a touch of green. The plaited ruffle over the edge is black silk with another of rose silk underneath. At the right of the tôle vase that is filled with painted tin flowers is a navy blue taffeta parasol embroidered in a white wool and blue silk butterfly design. It is mounted on a malacca stick and tipped with white ivory. In the tin and papier maché umbrella-stand is a parasol beaded at the top of a malacca stick; from Wanamaker

POSED BY GRACE FISHER

FRIVOLOUS PARASOLS

FOR NEW FLIRTATIONS



Baron de Meyer

It is pleasantest to try the effect of a new hat before a triple-mirrored dressing-table with a full-length glass in the centre. The taffeta-hung sides swing out and contain painted shelves; Au Panier Fleuri. On the stand at the left is a midsummer hat of leghorn with vivid old-fashioned flowers. Another flower-wreathed leghorn hat has a pink taffeta crown and facing. The gold tissue turban at the right resembles those favoured by young girls in Paris for theatre wear; it has an ornament of gold and silver beads at one side; hats and accessories from Wanamaker

HATS WITH SUMMER

TRICKS IN TRIMMING

Henry Havelock Pierce

COUNTESS MARIO DI ZOPPOLA

The Countess Mario di Zoppola, who was Miss Edith Mortimer, is the daughter of Mr. Stanley Mortimer of Roslyn, Long Island. Her marriage to Count Mario di Zoppola, of the Italian Aviation Corps, took place at her father's country home on June 21 and was one of the most interesting weddings of this season. She was presented to society several years ago and is a prominent member of the younger set

THE NEWLY BUILT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S WAS THE SCENE OF A NOTABLE WEDDING

THESE WEDDINGS OF THE LATE SPRING SEASON WERE MEMORABLY BEAUTIFUL

Geisler and Andrews

Aimé Dupont

One of the brides of April was Miss Ray Slater, daughter of Mrs. Horatio Nelson Slater of Boston, who was married on April twenty-eight in her mother's New York home to Dr. James B. Murphy, son of Dr. P. Livingston Murphy of Morganton, North Carolina. Her only attendant was Miss Adrienne Iselin, who is shown with the bride in the photograph

(Left) The marriage of Miss Frances Pearsall Field, daughter of Mr. Augustus Bradhurst Field of Tuxedo, and Mr. Everett Westcott Fabyan, son of Mr. Francis Wright Fabyan of Boston, on May third, was the first wedding to take place in the new St. Bartholomew's Church. After spending the summer on the Pacific Coast and in Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Fabyan will live in Boston

(Right) On the last day of April, Miss Elizabeth Remsen Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Todhunter Thompson, became the bride of the Reverend Gilbert Darlington, son of Bishop Darlington of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Darlington, who served as a chaplain in the Navy, was attached during the war to the staff of Admiral Sims

Geisler and Andrews

GOLF, POLO, OR THE "CURE" ATTRACT MANY SMART PEOPLE

SPORTS TAKE SOCIETY TO VIRGINIA AND CALIFORNIA

Western Newspaper Union

Del Monte is a California resort of many attractions, chief of which are polo, golf, and smart people from both coasts. Many prominent New Yorkers spent a few weeks there last spring

(Left) Mrs. Le Grand Griswold, of Islip, Long Island, spent the spring with her sister, Mrs. Rockhill Potts, at White Sulphur

Marian Wakefield

At Del Monte were Mr. René La Montagne, of New York, Mrs. G. M. Heckscher, Mr. Sam'l F. B. Morse, of San Francisco, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, of New York, and Mr. Leslie Moon

(Right) Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman took the "cure" at White Sulphur for several weeks, accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Barrymore

Marian Wakefield

International Film Service

International Film Service

Mrs. Rogers Benjamin Pratt, of New York, spent the Easter holidays with her children at the Virginia Hot Springs. She was snapped just before a morning canter

(Right) Mrs. Wayne Chatfield Taylor, of Chicago (left), and Miss Frances Hammond, of Philadelphia, were interested onlookers at a Santa Barbara polo match

(Left) Mr. William Barton French, of New York, owns one of the most attractive homes at Hot Springs and spends a good part of each year at that resort

(Right) Until recently, Mr. Vanderbilt was a Brigadier-General in the service of the United States Army

International Film Service

(Left) Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt were snapped with their daughter, Miss Grace Vanderbilt

Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, who spent the early spring in the South, is always correctly and smartly gowned

Mrs. James B. Harriman, stationed in front of the Sub-Treasurey, worked for the Salvation Army Campaign

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Mrs. Vincent Astor, during the Victory Drive, found a customer in Mrs. F. Louis Slade. Mrs. Astor was a "Y" secretary in France for eighteen months and has continued her work for the Y. M. C. A. and other patriotic organizations here

(Left) Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs and her little daughter were two smart figures on Fifth Avenue on a recent spring day

(Right) Miss Lucile Baldwin is a favourite among the younger social set. In this photograph, she is accompanied by her father, Mr. Le Roy Baldwin, of Tuxedo

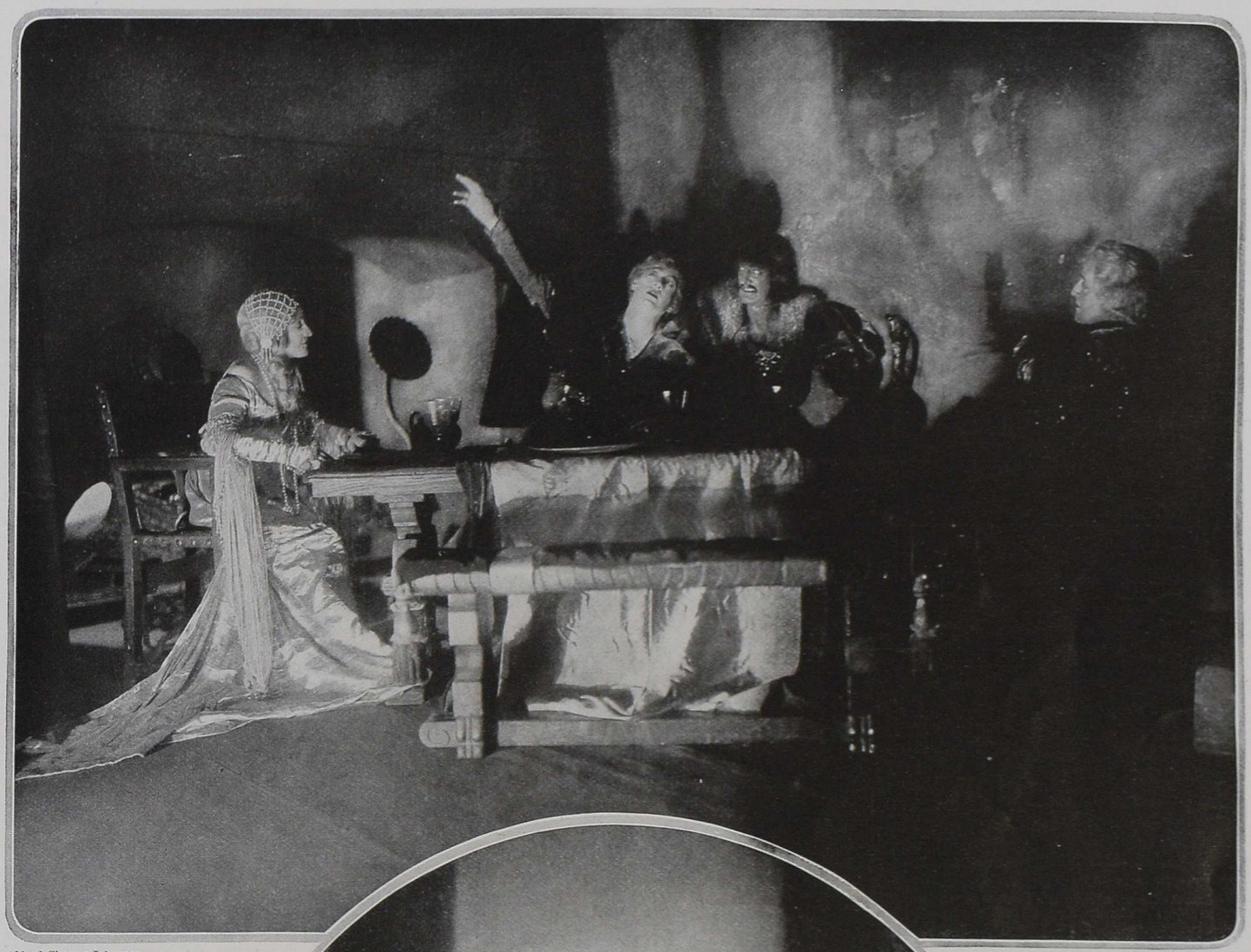
CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOTS OF THE PASSERS-BY ON FIFTH AVENUE

Four photographs © Underwood & Underwood

Baron de Meyer

MARGARET LAWRENCE

After an absence from the stage much too long to please an admiring public, Margaret Lawrence came back to delight every one in "Tea for 3," Roi Cooper Megrue's comedy hit in which she has been appearing all the past winter. Both the play and the star were such brilliant successes that they will again appear together this summer. Meanwhile, Margaret Lawrence tried out a play called "Wedding Bells" in Washington, but she is to have a new play next season. In private life, she is Mrs. Orson D. Munn



Alfred Cheney Johnston

This scene occurs in the first act of "The Jest," Sem Benelli's powerful Florentine tragedy which Arthur Hopkins is now producing at the Plymouth Theatre. From left to right, Maude Hanaford, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, and Arthur Forrest are seen as Ginevra, Giannetto Malespini, Neri Chiaramantesi, and Tornaquinci. The settings are unusually beautiful and were designed by Robert Edmond Jones

"THE JEST" REMAINS A TRIUMPH OF THE SUMMER SEASON IN NEW YORK

Maurice Goldberg

(Left) "Shakuntala," the ancient Hindu love drama by Kalidasa, was memorably presented by the Greenwich Village players in a series of special matinées this spring. Here Joseph Macaulay is seen as King Dushyanta and Beatrice Prentice as Shakuntala, the simple maiden of the wood with whom the great king falls in love. The costumes and settings for this play were designed by Livingston Platt

AN ANCIENT HINDU DRAMA PRESENTED A ROMANCE LIKE A LOVELY LYRIC

BARON DE MEYER

Ann Andrews, after a brief appearance in New York in Zoe Akins' short-lived comedy, "Papa," will appear soon on Broadway in "Dark Horses," a new play by Samuel Shipman

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Irene Fenwick is now on tour in a new play, mystically entitled, "Those Who Walk in Darkness," which is scheduled to arrive in New York some time in August

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Evelyn Gosnell adds much to the general scenic beauty, as well as the general complications of the plot, of "Up in Mabel's Room," which plans spending the Summer in New York

VICTOR GEORG

Peggy Wood is now in a state of hard-earned rest, after a year or more in "Maytime," both in New York and on tour. She is the half-author of a play, which is to be produced in New York some time in the coming Fall

On and Off Broadway

Stars of Present and Future New York Successes

Vivian Martin is a recent and popular recruit from the spoken stage to the moving picture screen. A high degree of physical comeliness has not at all impeded Miss Martin's progress in the movies. Just now, she is playing with the Famous Players, in "The Home Town Girl" and "The Innocent Adventuress"

Francesca Bertini (in the center of the page) is the most popular moving picture actress in Italy. Her vogue, not only in Italy, but all over Europe, is enormous. She is an actress of the first rank and a beauty of international reputation. She is shown here as she appears in her favorite rôle of "Tosca"

PINTO

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Alice Brady, the daughter of William A. Brady, is one of our most ambidextrous actresses. She is just as much at home on the screen as she is on the stage. On July 1st, she will appear in the film version of "His Bridal Night," the play originally made famous by the Dolly Sisters. Her winter was spent in the legitimate drama

IRA L. HILL

Martha Mansfield can always be counted on to register an ornamental pattern on any moving picture screen. Her training in the Midnight Frolic, as well as in the Follies, has given her, too, a certain gaiety and happiness of demeanor which has done much towards helping to make her one of the most popular favorites of the Essanay films

High Lights in Shadowland

Stars Who Rotate in Moving Picture Circles

When Wanda Hawley isn't posing for the movies, she devotes herself to the study of deep and serious literature. She is soon to appear in a film version of "Peg O' My Heart," which has at last been made into a movie

The small picture in the center of this page just goes to prove that Irene Castle got along swimmingly on her recent trip to Havana. She is at present in the Adirondacks, completing her newest moving picture, "The Firing Line"

Hazel Dawn is the fearless pilot of a faithful and well-trained motor boat, in her off-stage hours. In the evenings, she leaves the simple life far behind, and plays the leading rôle in "Up in Mabel's Room"

Martha Hedman's favorite outdoor sport is riding through the Rockies, in the approved Wild Western manner, with all the appropriate properties including gun and sombrero. This photograph of her was taken in Glacier Park

Frances Starr, after a season in "Tiger! Tiger!", has evidently had enough of wild animals, and turns to the gentle and friendly fish that live in the waters which surround her country place at Lake George

"Back to Nature"—Now the Slogan on Broadway

Actresses Who Are Answering the Call of the Great Outdoors

The Close of a Perfect Season

Reviews of Four Comedies—Two of Them With Music, Two of Them Without

By DOROTHY PARKER

OPEN to reason though I am on the Irish question, I can't help being appalled at the thought of what a rough day it will be for the drama when Ireland is freed. What are the playwrights ever going to do about it? How could an Irish drama make a hit without references to the oppressed Emerald Isle, spoken with a sob in the voice, to bring storms of emotion from the shrieking Sinn Feiners in the gallery?

How will they ever hang the S.R.O. sign out unless the play contains quotations from Robert Emmet, to drive wild the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the balcony? How can Chauncey Olcott and Fiske O'Hara and Andrew Mack ever make a living without the wrongs of the Old Country to break into song about? When Ireland at length emerges from the bush league and joins the League of Nations, what will there be left for the Irish to get themselves all worked up about? Home Rule may be a perfectly corking thing—but when it comes in, the Irish drama will immediately cease to make any more money. The most ardent Home Rule enthusiasts must face that fact.

Mr. David Belasco, the producer of "Dark Rosaleen," and the Messrs. Whitford Kane and W. D. Hepenstall, its authors, ought to get together at least once a day and give three rousing cheers for England. If Ireland were on its own, their little Sinn Fein drama wouldn't be doing anywhere near so well. It would be just a mild and soothing musical comedy without music,—with the usual picturesque peasantry, the cruel mortgage-holder, the blind fiddler, the trio of comedians, the old apple-woman, and the conversation about the moonlight.

As it is, the house is jammed to the roof, nightly, with Home Rule rooters. The Belasco Theatre rocks with wild, free, Gaelic shouts of appreciation at every broken utterance about the sufferings of Erin. A picture of Robert Emmet causes the entire audience to break down utterly and sob on one another's shoulders; and when Eileen Huban waves the green, white, and orange of the Irish Republic, there is grave apprehension that the pillars which support the balcony will not bear up under the terrific strain.

THE action of the drama is stopped every few moments by the hysterical appreciation of the audience; after each patriotic sentiment is uttered, at least ten minutes has to be allowed for the shouting to die away. And, as there is a patriotic sentiment about every eight lines, every evening, in the Belasco Theatre, sounds like Peace Night. There are times, in fact, when the orgy of patriotism grows a bit wearisome to undemonstrative souls in the audience; as the evening advances, one seems to care less and less about whether or not Ireland ever gets her wish; and, at the final curtain, one leaves the theatre appreciatively humming "God Save the King."

But that, of course, is neither here nor there. "Dark Rosaleen" was neither written nor produced for undemonstrative souls. Its production was based, one can't help thinking, on the great truth that nothing crowds the box-office like patriotism. And there you are. Mr. Belasco, Mr. Hepenstall, and Mr. Kane won't have to worry about their garage bills as long as the Irish population in our city holds out.

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Diantha Pattison is appearing in William Le Baron's farce, "I Love You," which conclusively proves that a farce can be a success even though there is no bed in it

Aside from the heart-throbs about the verdant isle, "Dark Rosaleen" concerns itself with the story of a horse race. It is the same horse race that has provided the plot to so many dramas—at the last moment, the jockey who was to ride the heroine's entry, defaults; so the hero rides the little mare to victory, thus winning the money to lift the mortgage. There are three radical innovations in the plot of "Dark Rosaleen," however; the jockey is not drugged, but is bought over by the rival horse owner; the mortgage is not on the old farm, but on a public house; and the odds on the little mare are only twenty to one. This is the first known drama based on a horse race in which the winner was not at least a hundred to one shot. However, the little mare wins by the conventional ten lengths, so the plot is not too daring to distress the more conservative among the audience.

The production of the play is, of course, a perfect one, with brilliant splashes of local color, and there are many bright spots of comedy between the dense masses of patriotism. Also, there are some exceptionally clever performances—notably those of Eileen Huban and Beryl Mercer. Henry Duffey, who plays the hero, seems a bit to overdo the dreaminess of the Irish lad; he rather gives the impression of playing the rôle in his sleep.

It is restful, after an evening at "Dark Rosaleen," to venture into a theatre and listen to brogueless English; it is quieting to the nerves not to hear the actors ejaculating "arrah" and telling one other to "whist, now!" It is pleasant, too, to see the audience keeping its seats and abstaining from hysterics. Therefore, "I Love You," William Le Baron's farce at the Booth, proved a delightfully soothing two hours and a half. It isn't exactly a thing to get up and cheer about, but, worn and weak from the excitement of the Belasco pyrotechnical display, one is only too grateful that it isn't. Mr. Le Baron has achieved what has seemed, so far in the season, to be an impossibility; he has written a successful farce without a bed, a pair of pajamas, a newly married couple, or a line in it that you couldn't repeat to your own mother. It is about the only farce running in the Borough of Manhattan to which an honorable young man can take an innocent young girl without feeling that he has to marry her afterwards.

"I Love You" is not extraordinary for its killing lines nor its screaming situations, but there is a good-humored ease about it that is decidedly grateful. There are moments, it must be admitted, when one rather wishes one had brought the Ouiga-board along, to while the time away, but the rather dull stretches are not of great length nor frequency. The farce is extremely well done, particularly by Gilbert Douglas and Richard Dix, with John Westley in one of his accepted rôles, and Diantha Pattison in the leading feminine part.

THE musical comedies of the month are "She's a Good Fellow" and "The Lady in Red," both of which owe their book and lyrics to Anne Caldwell—evidently a native of New York, judging by the casualness with which she rhymes "teacher" and "reach a." "She's a Good Fellow" will keep the Globe Theatre crowded to the exits all through the Summer. Its plot is a pitiful little thing about the young man who, in feminine clothes, gets into the girls' school—you know the style of thing. But what's a plot to a musical comedy? "She's a Good Fellow" relies principally on a series of specialties—really, it's an extremely good vaudeville show, which is perhaps the best thing for a Summer show to be. Plots mean nothing in the lives of the visiting buyers. The show has enormous assets in the persons of Olin Howland, Ann Orr, the Duncan Sisters, Ivy Sawyer, and Joseph Santley,—who can dress up in woman's clothes without making you yearn to scale your programme at him—and an extraordinarily pretty chorus. And then it has Jerome Kern's music.

But "The Lady in Red," at the Lyric—oh, that's a sad blow. Except for the always entertaining Adele Rowland, one or two of Robert Winterberg's tunes, and an occasional dance, it all but drives you out to the movies. One must say for it that the last two acts are better than the first; they had to be—no one could keep up that average. But it's a musical comedy, and you know how people are, at this time of year. They will go to anything, just so long as it's a musical comedy. "The Lady in Red" will doubtless be with us for months.

ARNOLD GENTHE

Anna, Chief of the Isadora Duncan Dancers

Anna, the oldest of the six Isadora Duncan Dancers, was born in Switzerland, and joined Isadora's school fourteen years ago, while she was still a child. Since Isadora's departure for Europe, a year ago, she has assumed the leadership of the girls. She has arranged the programs for the performances which they have given here at Carnegie Hall, in Philadelphia, Detroit and other cities, and co-operates with the manager in laying out their tours. The girls, though foreigners, have decided to make America their permanent home.

PARIS DANCES TO THE PIPES OF PEACE

Nothing in Paris Is More Alive Than the Dance, and Nothing at the Dance Is More Alive Than the Fringes

By FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE

Sketches by Georges Barbier

From beyond the mountains, Spain, past-mistress of dancing, has sent us the "pasos doblos," a future rival of that music sacred to two-steps — ragtime

A veritable index to the eagerness and enthusiasm of the dance is the rhythmic fluttering or subtle drooping of the fringes every frock must have

Ira los montes.

IN the first weeks following the armistice, a few people, here and there in Paris, began dancing again. Very timidly, they began, with feet that hesitated in their dancing, as if in fear of those somber moralists whose self-imposed mission it is to assert in print that all goes ill and that every pleasure is a sin. But the sane public opinion of Paris, which is always keen and sensitive, paid no attention to the railings of these so-called moralists. Men and women perceived at once that it was delightful to dance again, that it did no harm to any one, but was, rather, a refreshing diversion, a sort of exceptionally satisfactory and pleasant indoor sport.

So those who had begun to dance, danced still more, and those who were hesitating, decided to dance, and presently all Paris was dancing. The men on leave were dancing for pleasant relaxation after the fatigues of the front; the demobilized soldiers found in dancing the recreation they needed before taking up again the labours of normal life, the life of peace; civilians danced because for four long years and half another pleasures have been so rare; and, most of all, the women, all the women in Paris, danced, because nothing in the world, from the beginning of time has ever sufficed to keep them from dancing, because to dance is one of their most natural and most sacred rights, and because in dancing they display their greatest grace and charm — for the greater undoing of man.

(*Continued on page 85*)

autrefois.

In the far-off golden days of Pericles, one danced in airy drapery to the sound of the flute of Pan. Now that lovely woman follows narrower ideas, only fringe is left to mark her rhythmic movements

What was the charm of vanished Greek veils to the witchery of the new fringes? They, like the dances they have come to adorn, are the most perfect expression of the present mood of Paris

All Paris dances, and half of Paris wears fringes; but whether Paris dances because of the fringes or wears fringe because of the dances, who can say? At all events, the combination is ideal

balancez vos dames!

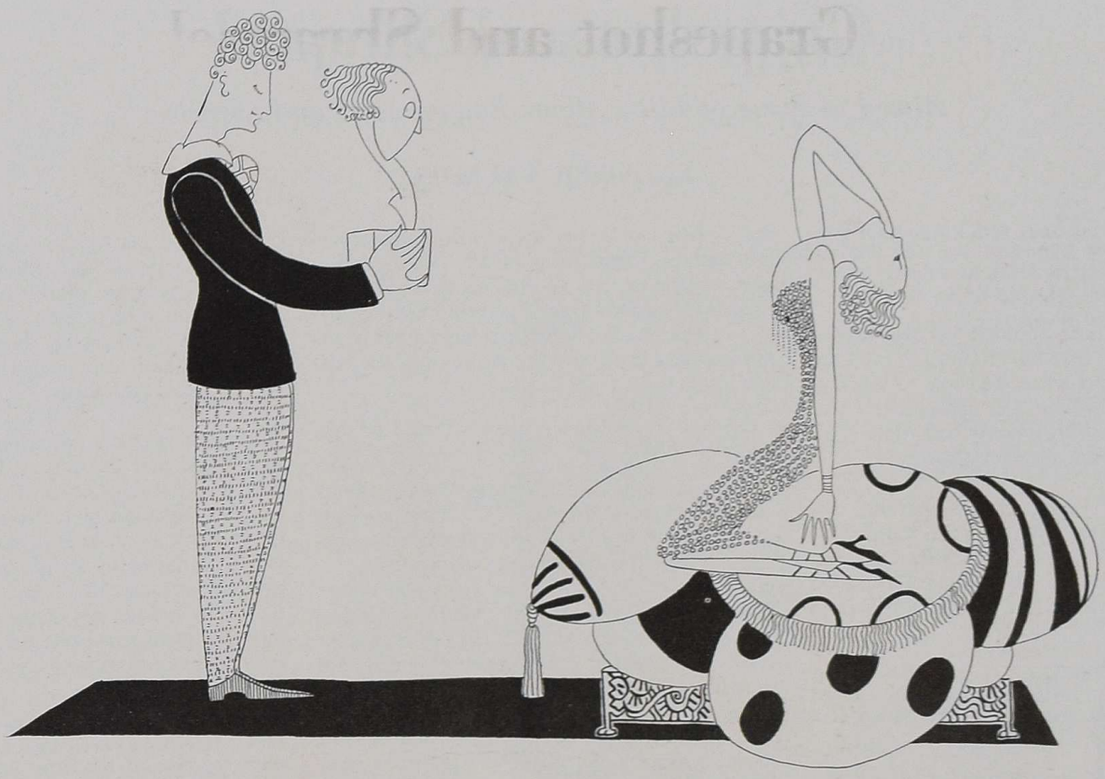
Having your portrait painted, in the good old days, used to be a comparatively simple matter. It was as much a part of a woman's social duties as going to the opera, or having her hair marcelled, and it caused just about as much excitement in her life. All you needed for the event was a black evening gown, a pet limousine-hound, a cheque for $10,000, and a date with John Sargent. The finished picture would be called "Portrait of Mme. X," and exhibited at the Academy, and there you were

The Ultimate Word in the Art of Portraiture

You Can't Be Modern Without the Aid of a Modernist Sculptor

Sketches by FISH

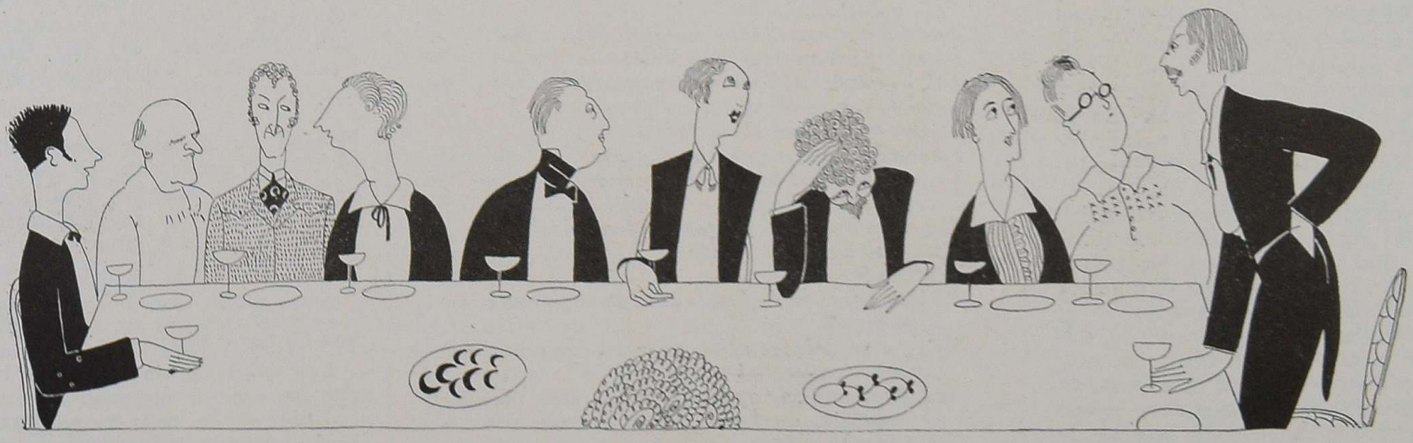
It used to be considered awfully radical and just the least bit Bohemian, if you know what we mean, to have your portrait done by a bearded foreigner like Monsieur Chartran,—local talent was simply nowhere. It was always obligatory, while posing for the portrait, to bring along a trained aunt, to keep off draughts and gentlemen callers. The picture was named something like "Annabelle—a Portrait Study," and you could almost always tell, in three guesses, who it was intended to be



But having one's portrait merely *painted* isn't being done any more—it is what is known, in proletariat circles, as Old Stuff. The thing to do now is to lease a sculptor, and have him do a simple little portrait in marble, and call it "Mrs. ***—a Mood." Prospective sitters for modernist busts of themselves should always remember never to show any surprise at the finished product. Never behave like the lady in the sketch; remember that only novices faint at the first glimpse of the completed masterpiece. The thing to do, to show one's deep appreciation of Art, is to clasp the hands, gaze yearningly at the ceiling and murmur in passionate undertones, "It is wonderful—but wonderful! The feeling, the soul, the ego—how could you know?"

If you want to go that far, you can have your portrait done by one of the cubist sculptors, who are causing such a furore—among themselves. Just go down to any street below Fourteenth and ask the first man you see if he won't do a bust of you; he is sure to be a cubist sculptor. Any one of this little group of lads will be only too glad to oblige with a charming trifle, looking rather like an egg after a hard Easter, and to name it "Arrangement: Mrs. B."

But the sculpture of the young Roumanian refugee artiste, now in our midst, is the very farthest one can get in modern portraiture. Her art is so modern that it hasn't even been given a name as yet; she makes the most advanced work of the cubist sculptors look like Rogers groups. The gifted sculptress specializes in soul-expression portraits,—naturally, every woman would just love to have a little statue of her soul, somewhere around the house. The completed statue, always in the nude, bears the suggestive title "My Soul, in passing: Nocturne"



In case you haven't decided just which school you want to employ in creating your portrait, here is a cross-section of Greenwich Village's most representative group of sculptors at their recent dinner at the Hotel Brevoort. The noble spirit, at the extreme right is Henri Pryzmytioff, the Post-Futurist Sculptor delivering an impassioned talk on "The Sculpture of Day After To-morrow, and Why"

Grapeshot and Shrapnel

Aimed at Some of Life's Minor Engagements and Surprises

By OLIVER WAKEFIELD

HE wore a blue soft shirt with a turndown collar within a roomy blue serge suit, and that and something about his large, loose black tie suggested scholarship and refinement.—H. G. WELLS.

We are not sure that we quite get the suggestion of refinement that the clothing is intended to convey. And yet when we come to think of it, there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* about a blue soft shirt worn *within* a roomy suit, that is always lacking when it is worn *outside*.

SPEAKING of roomy clothes, perhaps the roomiest recently reported were those mentioned by the New York *Independent* as worn by the policeman who on a certain occasion seems to have carried Lloyd George away from danger:

During the Boer war Lloyd George made pacifist speeches and at one of his meetings narrowly escaped an angry mob by slipping away in the clothes of a policeman.

SUCCESS seems almost sure to attend the efforts of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and other distinguished British playwrights and writers, who, seconded ably by the London *Times*, have been arguing for many months past against the German contention that Shakespeare was after all a Prussian bard. It is expected that as soon as this is off their hands they will give their attention to the claim (probably without foundation) advanced in certain literary circles of Uganda that John Milton was a colored man.

WE admit that the persons who, as Lloyd George said, screamed through the keyhole of the Peace Conference could hardly be considered well-bred, but this did not excuse the negligence of delegates in not safeguarding the privacy of their personal affairs. There should never be an open keyhole at a Peace Conference.

It is a pity that, before being discharged (from the army), the Association of University Professors cannot march down Fifth Avenue in full battle array, headed by its own band, protected by its own airplanes soaring overhead, and by its own artillery and tanks.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE war seems to have made quite a man of the college professor and it is natural that the people in the magazines should not yet have recovered from their astonishment. But in pointing to this new and remarkably manlike quality of the college professor they seem to forget what an extraordinary and protracted convulsion of the world was required to produce it. And just here, we understand, is the serious problem that is engaging the minds of educators to-day: Is the hitherto unsuspected vivacity of college professors of a kind that only huge destructive world cataclysms can engender, or may some more benign incentive to their activity be devised? How to prevent the relapse of the college professor upon the withdrawal of the violent conditions apparently necessary to the normal functioning of his intelligence—that, say the experts in pedagogical reconstruction, is the gravest question before them at this time. Fear is expressed that, the danger of explosion once removed, the mobility of the academic mind may not continue.

Unofficial reports from Paris have earned no right to ready credence.—New York *Globe*.

THE janitors who informed the chauffeurs who informed the American correspondents at Paris as to what was really going on, sometimes made mistakes just like other people.

IN regard to the future of Palestine: It is a pleasant forecast of a friend of Zion that the day is approaching when as you gaze eastward from the Jordan between the Arnon and the Jabbok, where the Reubenites and the Godites used formerly to play about, you will be able almost to fancy yourself back again on some business-like portion of Broadway, say at the corner of Bleecker Street.

IN addition to such measures against Bolshevism in the schools as forbidding any teacher ever to mention the word again, it has been suggested that the boards of education should take the bull by the horns and omit Russia from the school books on geography. Keep the child's mind from contact with ethnic impropriety, they say. When the mental habits are once formed, as in the case, say, of Colonel George Harvey or Mr. Elihu Root, the study of Russia may be admitted. Till then, it is argued, the subject had better not be introduced. We understand that this view of the matter is likely to prevail with our more sober sort of school authorities.

IF reviewers could only remember that in some respects and through no fault of ours they have the advantage of us, if they could only remember that most of us have not read the author's latest story, or even the one before, they would be moved by simple human kindness to give us some sort of a clue. They would not so coldly exclude us as they always do from those intimate *tête-à-tête* reviews of which the following is a familiar example:

While there are points of resemblance between Mary's temperament and that of Janet in *The Flame*, Mary would never have behaved as Janet did when she received the letter from William. Mary would have opened the letter then and there and had it out with old Cadbury. Mary's nature was the richer, franker of the two. We must say, however, that we were a little disappointed in her at the scene at the station, for it certainly would have seemed more like her to have taken the train. To be sure she hated John, and she had good reason to hate him. But even so, she should have taken the train, for as Mark Haxton tersely said, "A Willoughby is first and last a Willoughby." The "dream girl" and the "little boy from nowhere," who are brought in again in the fourth chapter, are of course delightful as lovers of Miss Barton's previous work will readily imagine.

The Bolsheviki are selling the very clothing off the women's backs.—Copenhagen.

WHO got the money for all that clothing the women here used to wear on their backs?

Some time ago I noted here that pottering about with the League of Nations, before we had even finished the War of Nations, was a silly business.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

So he did, and made no bones of it. It may seem absurd that he should have to speak to her again about the thing, but continents are always forgetful. The tone, though still kindly, suggests that patience is getting a little worn, and when he addresses Europe now one seems to hear as one seems to hear when H. G. Wells remonstrates with the universe: "My dear, don't make poor, tired mother speak to you a second time!"

THAT was a moving scene in the old club house when the colonels of bacteriology and the captains of vegetable physiology and the major-generals of publicity came streaming back to civil life.

Canada will be annexed to the United States within the next ten years.—Voice from the United States Senate.

Even now the Eskimo are said to be ripe for some of our political ideas and there are tracts in the neighborhood of Hudson Bay where some of the freshest Senatorial contributions to thought would be really appreciated.

The Credo of Bellevue Avenue

Written in Weariness by a Bachelor at Newport

By 'RICKSHAW

TO have feelings that are very simple,
But actions that are very complex.
Never to make or listen to explanations;
Always to make or listen to excuses.
Never to be conscious of the dull, obvious or necessary,
Always to be aware of the clever, subtle, and superfluous.
To believe that the bath salts are more essential than the bath,
And the moth more interesting than the star.
To seek fiction rather than truth
And happiness rather than contentment.
Never to care what things are done,
Always to care how things are done.
To admire fineness rather than goodness,
To be nonchalant rather than unmoved.
Never to remember facts or events,
Always to treasure feelings and theories.
Always to have good manners,
Never to be polite.
To be a poor judge of stocks and bonds, priests and professors,
To be a good judge of books and horses, men and women, wine and music.
And, finally, to rely upon inspiration rather than information, sport rather than exercise, and wit rather than fun.

The Poets of the Future

Indications of a Coming Revival of Poetry in America

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE moment I entered the room, I was aware that Meredith Wilde was himself again. More than that, he was better than himself; there was a glow in him.

"What is it?" I asked. "You are happy. Something must be wrong. Your hair, from being grizzled and doubtful, is beginning to shine white."

"Well," he said, "I met three school-boys last night who talked Keats and Virgil. The world is saved. They talked well, too, and they listened well. I found them, I joined them, I sat two hours at a chop-house with them. See here, my boy, old age creeps on. It takes your friends, your eyesight, your tastes. It flattens the theatre for you, it turns shows and museums into torture, it reveals the limitations of everything,—even music falls short. But conversation remains."

"I'll bet you gave the boys a fine monologue!"

"On the contrary, I sat in the game silent most of the time. Perhaps, now and then, I played a high card; but they held their own. They didn't know who I was, you understand. If only we didn't know who everyone was, how much better a time we should have! Conversation, as Emerson would say, is Man Thinking. Emerson said this about philosophy, but he was wrong. Philosophy is Man Showing Off. We have all, of late years, begun to think in common about the same things; and when a few people would have the knack to think aloud and to speak only one at a time, you get conversation. This is a sort of silent concert; the theme disappears and reappears; yet you feel its presence in the air. All the minds become merged in one another. Every one becomes almost unconscious and perfectly happy. Nothing else but the greatest music does this for you; and true conversation, though it happens rarely, is an easy thing in itself. You have only to think sincerely and be liberal and submissive."

"The French—" I began.

He cut me off, I must say in a manner which did not illustrate his own thesis.

"The French are too clever to talk well. They make conversation into a sport. Conversation is a religion. They play up, and do fancy strokes, and applaud one another. They are not inward enough for true conversation, which is a voyage in the twilight down a mystic river along whose shores gleam the forgotten cities, the towers, the lighthouses of history and imagination."

"THESE boys of yours must be very remarkable lads, Mr. Wilde, if they could take aboard an old salt like yourself and give him a new taste of romance. Who are they?"

"I don't know, I don't want to know. They're school-boys well-educated and not yet in college. Now, the remarkable part is this:—these boys are going on in the time-honored manner of the literary tadpole. They write verses and read them to each other. They want to be poets, they are fluid, enthusiastic, unselfconscious. They think it the most natural thing in the world for an American boy to be a poet. That's what stunned me.

"Not more than five or six years ago I stumbled on a passage in someone's memoirs of 1825, where the writer describes the literary zeal of his boyhood friends,—their raptures, their ambitions, their essays and poems. I marked the passage bitterly as a record from the stone age, a curiosity, a marginal note on something that was gone forever,—the literacy of America. Certainly in my day such boys did not exist, nor in yours, dear fellow. But now they are sprouting up again. They are coming up like asparagus out of the old beds. What hedges, or what cold frames, have protected the creatures thus far, I can't imagine; but they are safe to-day. The assassins are lurking for them, of course. They haven't got by the Universities yet."

KINGORE GALLERIES

THE SPARTAN MOTHER
A newly finished bronze by Sherry Fry

"Halt!" I cried in a loud voice. "That way madness lies. If you are going to belabor the Universities again I shall leave at once. Meredith, I know men who call you a scold."

I had never called him *Meredith* before, but I knew he would like it. Oldish men always like to be called by their first names by youngish men; but I wasn't sure he would enjoy being called a scold. He did.

"Have been! Have been a scold," he said, "and it was the making of me. No man is a good man who isn't prepared to scratch the faces of his contemporaries. It is your own generation that is the enemy. Abord them, kick them freely, let them know that you have claws. You may look with piety towards the past, and with loving eyes upon the coming generation, but never spare a contemporary. If you do, you're lost. You lose your eye every time you don't strike; and you must be quick about it, too; for the scene changes, the meadow turns into a village, the arena into a church, and your own manly cantankerousness into slippered, friendly old age. You, yourself, my friend, never amount to anything. You're a sceneshifter, and a sitter in parlors. If I hadn't been what you call a scold in my day, I shouldn't have been able to fall into chat with those young ones. You can't become a good citizen unless you have lived as an outlaw. See how the young understand outlaws. They're hand-in-glove with them always. They'll walk ten miles to see one. Your good citizen of twenty-five is a ninny. *You* are a ninny. Alas! you are a ninny."

"It's my profession, I admit," I said meekly. "There ought to be ninnies, you know,—block horses for gymnasts and great athletes to do their turns on. I give you a shoulder, Meredith. *Me voilà!*"

He laughed. "But see here," he said after a pause, "these poet friends of mine—do you know I've a reason for my conversion? It's not merely the Indian summer of old age that has gladdened me. I have had an idea. It's a tremendous idea,—enough to galvanize anyone into hopefulness. It's so obvious an idea that to a conventional-minded person like yourself it will seem like a truism. A man like you can't really understand an idea. If it's true and thrilling, he thinks he knows it already."

"What is it, anyway, Meredith," I said, "I don't half like this Hok'sai old-man-mad-with-painting, this Firdusi, old-man-drunk-with-poetry that you're turning into. It means a nerve storm for you to-morrow."

"Let me tell you first about these boys. They read. They know Shakespeare and Milton. Incredible, isn't it? They are doing more or less unconsciously exactly what Horace did when he planted the Greek metres in the Latin tongue. They are doing what Edmund Spenser, and Herrick, Tennyson and Longfellow, Gray and Keats did; they are learning the trade under good masters. It is the grind of intellect and a concentration on the craft. If they ever have something to say, why, they'll know how to say it."

"Provided they don't turn into mere echoes," I put in.

"GREAT heavens, man! Every good copy of verses is inspired by the elder poetry. Every new statue, arch or poem competes with all the extant art of the world; and unless that art shines through it, supports it and lifts it to Olympus, it soon becomes derelict and ridiculous. Where is the *futurism* of yester-year? *Vers libre? Libres* indeed! They take to their heels and never come back. The chains of a difficult technique are what keeps poetry with us. The things that are hardest to do, last the longest.

"I am amused at the new dancing which I see everywhere,—the dog-trot and the cat-nip. The children can't dance, that is all, no one has taught them. Dancing is hard. So they lurch about to the sound of a jazz-band, and call it the 'new school.' Most of the arts are on the dust-heap, and the age calls its various squirmings a 'new school.' You know where all this squirming began, don't you? Why, it began in Paris and (*Continued on page 84*)

The Dance of Death

A Modern Treatment, by an English Artist, of a Familiar Mediaeval Theme

Decorative Panels by SYDNEY JOSEPH

"Le Grog du Colonel." A swift and sure little sketch by Forain. The drawings on this page are reproduced with the permission of A. E. Gallatin, their present owner

The Art of Jean Louis Forain

The Veteran Who Is Still a Master, as Well as a Popular Idol, in France

By ARTHUR SYMONS

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN is, in some respects, the most picturesque figure in French art to-day. Although sixty-seven years of age, he was, throughout the war, in charge of the French camouflage corps. He and Steinlen rendered an incredibly important service to France. Forain's war lithographs and military drawings were all of them admirable, but, if one wishes to see him at his best one must turn back to his pre-war period when he was interested in other things than war and warlike themes. Let us consider, a little, the art of Forain in the earlier days.

It is an art, derived first,—and slightly—from Carpeaux; then directly from Manet and Degas. Yet, in spite of those influences, his work is always original. Whether he draws or paints, in oils, in water-colors, or in other mediums, he is always startling to one's senses, astonishing to one's sensations. Take, for instance, the captious corruption of a drawing-room in a theatre, the tones of lights and shadows, the spices of the flesh, in one of his Pastels: and notice the extraordinary difference between this and a painting of a similar interior where the actress sits before her mirror: we see her begin her make-up; she tilts her head backward to see the effect of her hair.

Then imagine another, rather in the manner of Degas, where, in the wings a tall woman comes forward leaning on a man's arm; she wears a gorgeous dress and the other men, in evening-dress, move out of her way: all obviously enough aware of her professional smile. And the whole canvas lives, with disordered life; one feels it and one sees it.

DEGAS has painted the fascination of women's flesh, supremely. Forain, before the war, painted the Folies-Bergère, translated the whole horror and atrocity of the thing into a kind of carnival; showed the scene, the audience, the bars, the men and women, the sense of movement, of the heated atmosphere, of the very smoke of cigarettes. And, again in a café, in a court, in a theatre—in the wings! The little painted dancers on tip-toe as they talk to a Balzacian Hulot who grimaces at them; one seizes snatches of their conversation, catches their gestures; one sees others gazing on them with envious eyes, or half-seen turning to one laughing faces. He can be cruel to them, satirize them, after the fashion of a splendid draughtsman who might once have been an 18th century Abbé.

Baudelaire was more learned, more perverse, more deliberate in his visualising the Vices than Forain. His technique is complicated. He has made extraordinary water-colors heightened with touches of oil, scenes in cafés, and in brothels and in the bars of music-halls. He gives one the sharp savourous scene of colors studiously spiced, and obtains, as he unites unimaginable effects, shades of a curious exactness, by the absolute science of an imaginative Alchemist.

So he paints women *as* women: this one with alluring eyes, with her cold and ambiguous smile, the glorious masses of her hair soaked in strange mixtures; with some of Lautrec's effects where some tinge of green finds its way invariably into flesh-color; where one sees something green in rouged cheeks, in peroxide-of-hydrogen hair. But he never uses an aniline dye, poisoning nature, as Lautrec did; who, being tempted by tenebrous spirits, set himself to paint a green shadow on faces, on those of the people who sit night after night outside the cafés in Montmartre.

I have before me one of his finest etchings: *Le quart d'heure de Rabelais.* It represents a private room in a restaurant, seen just before the man and woman are preparing to leave. In the red-papered room one sees a divan; the man—a big, fat, ugly creature—is being helped into his overcoat by an uglier waiter, while the woman puts on her bonnet before the glass, scribbled over with names; exactly as in Rossetti's bit, when the man sees the woman's reflection—

"Where teems, with first foreshadowings,
Your pier-glass scratched with diamond rings."

And one sees, in the sordid aspect of this particular place, how the hired woman carelessly arranges her hair, as if she had totally forgotten the existence of the man who never looks at her; he, apparently stifled by the heat, looks at nothing, as he is tortured by the pulls of the—as one says in Argot—*larbin.*

"Au café." A fine example of Forain's realism, of his simple method, and of the economy of his artistic means

FORAIN alone gives one the concentrated quintessence of all that passes on the boulevards in Paris and of the interiors of cafés and of private rooms. Has not everyone noticed, in daylight, the banality of these rooms where one lives only at night, when all that is faded takes the peculiar tones of lights and shadows, with all the luxury and intoxication that one finds in Paris and in Paris only?

Le Café de la Nouvelle Athènes—by Forain—is superb—a vision of reality caught by, I know not what, inspiration. There is the angle, the tables, the glasses, the bottles, the match-boxes; there sit two men in top- (*Continued on page 84*)

THE EHRICH GALLERIES

Belgium: After the Night, the Dawn

A Lithograph by Spenser Pryse

"The Source," a notable monotype by Paul Dougherty, in which his marked decorative quality will surprise no one who has thoughtfully considered his painted landscapes and marines

Paul Dougherty's Monotypes

Exhibiting His Constant Solicitude for Rhythmical Design

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

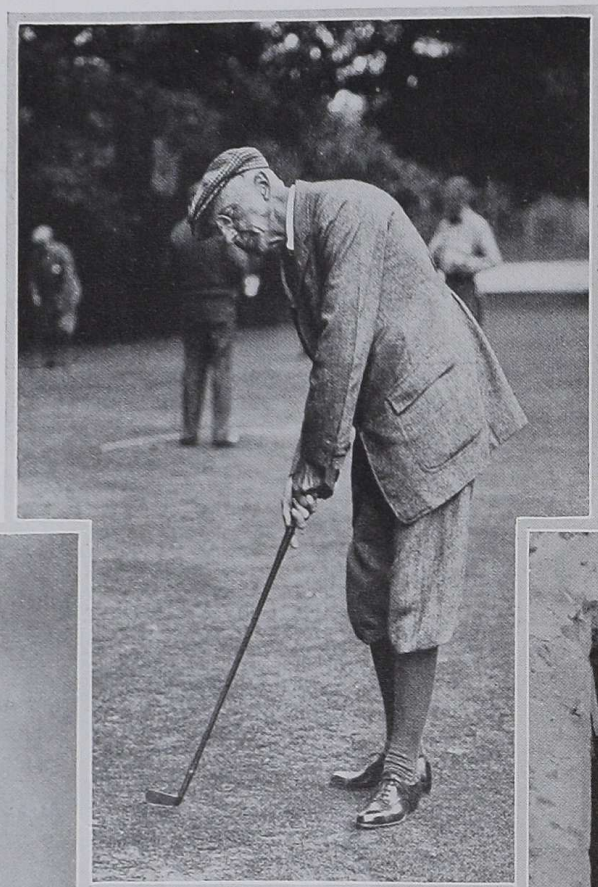
MOST painters sooner or later try themselves in etching or lithography, and painters of experimental mood and robust style are as naturally attracted to monotype. A thoughtful and versatile artist like Paul Dougherty was predestined to give himself this recreation. The results of his new adventure, as shown at the Kingore Galleries, reveal his vigorous talent favorably and in novel guise. The new technique has given him no trouble. His bold handling has readily adapted itself to the new task.

A monotype is the single impression, or transfer, made by the etcher's press from any smooth plate bearing a freshly made sketch. A copper plate is generally used, and the ordinary oil colors. The sketch is laid on boldly, the paint is blended about with the fingers, a rag, or the palette knife; lights may be picked out by ploughing down to the clean metal with the brush-handle. The work is properly executed with a single vehicle and must be quickly done so that the surface as it goes through the press may be of even freshness. The press simply squeezes the fresh paint upon a prepared sheet of paper. When the paper is pulled off the plate, most of the paint comes away with the print, or monotype, the design now appearing in reverse.

Why use the press at all, since there is only one print for your trouble? Why not do the first sketch on paper and save printing? Because, in the printing, certain beauties are developed which can hardly be got otherwise, for an equal amount of work. In the press there is a mechanical blending of all heavily loaded colors, some slight shifting and fusion of contours, while a fine consistent texture is attained which was not in the painted preparation. What you see in the monotype is not the surface of the sketch as the artist left it, but the bottom of his painted surface as affected by pressure and by stripping the paper from the plate. Thus, a good monotype will have only a general resemblance to the painted plate from which it was printed. In producing the effect chance comes in, but a resourceful artist is able to calculate his accidents. Naturally, there are also unlucky accidents. Hence a temptation to titivate the monotype with the correcting brush. These retouches, however, Mr. Dougherty always denies himself.

"Dryads, in the Days of Old," a fine impression in sepia, recently exhibited in New York

What is welcome in Dougherty's monotypes is their bigness of spirit and form. Their shapes and gestures recall without in any way imitating the rare early nudes of Millet. The large swing of the limbs and torsos and the precise balance of the gleaming sculpturesque forms against the mysterious pattern of the forest setting are what chiefly count. These are idyls of a sort that imaginative painters have loved from Giorgione to Fantin.

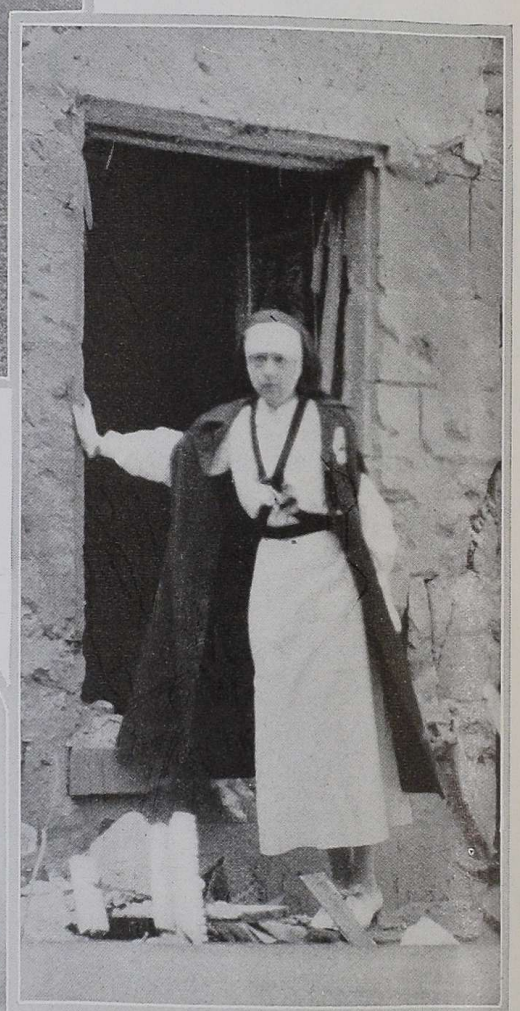


LEVICK

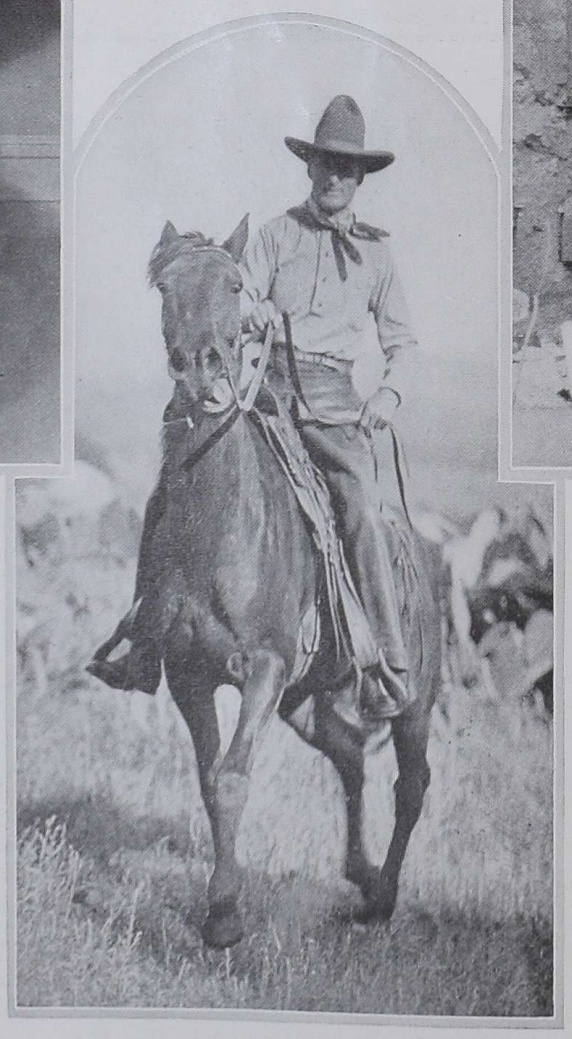
Mahlon Pitney, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is not averse to doffing his robes in favor of knickerbockers. He would rather argue about a missed putt than about a knotty point of law

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Alma Gluck—while out of office hours on the concert stage or before the incoming phonographic horn—makes a pretty steady hobby of cultivating the society of Miss Maria Zimbalist, a young lady who is possessed of a practically unlimited supply of smileage, and who, by a happy coincidence, happens to be her daughter



Elsie de Wolfe spent many years, before the war, showing the world the fact that she was an adept in reconstructing houses in America. Then came the war, and, for four long years, what a splendid service of nursing she rendered. And now she is dedicating herself to a new hobby—the work of reconstructing houses in France



William G. McAdoo rides several hobby horses! We show him astride one of the fieriest of them all. Our late, and very popular Secretary now divides his time between the pursuit of the law and the pursuit of health in the far West, where he is known as one of the youngest spirited of all the noble army of Boy Scouts

Out of Office Hours: Our Parking Space for Pet Hobby Horses

Revealing the Less Familiar Aspects of Some of Our Most Familiar Figures

Afternoons in Bohemia

Studio Teas Are Now the Favorite Form of Entertainment in New York

By HELEN WELLS

OPINIONS differ as to the worst way of spending an afternoon. There are many who insist that a euchre party is the ultimate horror; others say an eloquent mouthful on the subject of driving around the park in a leased victoria, while still others hold out for a stereopticon lecture on "The work of the National Geographic Society Among the Women of the Congo."

Yet all these pale into nothingness beside the terrors of a studio tea. People who have once been among those present at a studio tea —and once is usually the record for attendance —can never feel the same way about anything thereafter. They go about, from then on, with the look in their eyes of those who have Lived. They have plumbed the depths.

A studio tea may be held in any sort of room; just so long as it has no system of ventilation and no means of admitting natural light, and is several sizes too small for the number of those invited, it comes under the head of a studio. Samples of unsuccessful batik, unframed and unsold sketches bearing underlined signatures of the artist, chipped plaster casts of standardized parts of the human form, and double-page spreads from the *Liberator* must always adorn the walls. Incense, in amateur hammered brass receptacles, must be placed everywhere. Clouds of incense, mingled with a dense fog of cigarette smoke, provide the true Bohemian atmosphere. There should be no chairs of the accepted sort; a few brilliantly painted seats, which some gifted non-professional has made from old boxes, and which you'd never guess had been made from anything but old boxes, are placed here and there, and large stacks of purple, orange, and green cushions thrown casually about are always appropriate—they are so radical. It is pretty to see the guests adapting themselves to resting-places on these cushions. A streamline model lady (the wife of a prominent asphalt contractor) from the Palisade View Apartments, in West 127th Street, sinking upon a heap of cushions and wondering if she really does look like Scheherezade, is indeed a sight to pluck at the heart-strings.

ONE who ventures into a studio tea for the first time is always a bit appalled at the sight of those present; for a blank moment, he feels as if he had misread the invitation—as if he should have worn fancy dress. Most of the ladies present seem to have come as cozy corners. Strange fabrics are draped about them, seemingly without beginning or end. Clanking chains hang from their elevations. They are bowed down under the weight of strings of curious beads. The men of the company wear flowing hair and ties, and the more daring among them come without hats. In the dim light of the hand-painted candles, it is difficult to distinguish the men from the women, at first. After one's eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, it becomes a little simpler. One can see that the men are the ones with the longer hair. Some cases, however, are never cleared up all during the afternoon.

Studio teas are always lavishly patronized by celebrities. Their fame seems to be of a strictly local nature, to the unlettered guest, for neither their names nor their achievements strike any chord in his memory. The hostess, in her introductions, does all she possibly can to help; she mentions each one's occupation as she pronounces his name, so that you can't possibly go wrong. Her introduction formula always begins, "Oh, you *must* meet ——." There is perhaps just a shade too vivid a suggestion of compulsion about it.

"Oh, you *must* meet Mrs. Carlotta Elkins Gilroy," she exclaims. "She did that charming book on 'Eroticism in the Movies,' that every one is talking about." "Oh, you *must* meet Alfred Terhune MacKnight," she coos. "Mr. MacKnight is the author of 'Freudian Fantasies,' you know." "Oh, you *must* meet Alistair St. John Godfrey," she insists. "He designed the costumes for Mrs. Althea Baker Parsons' symbolic play, 'The Puma-Woman,' that was produced by the Paterson Drama League in 1913."

THE innocent guest wonders, dazedly, where he has been all these years, that he has never heard those mighty names. Every one about him, it would seem, is a celebrity. The yearning lady in lime-colored canvas, stenciled with tiger lilies—oh, he *must* also meet *her*, it appears. She is Miss Harriette Worthing Hemans, the author of "I: An Introspection," which was barred by the postal authorities for so long. The wistful young man, lurking behind amber-hued spectacles—it is imperative that his acquaintance be made, too. He is Rollo McVickers Golightly, the editor of "The Blot," and one of the leading figures in the board of directors of the Kitchenette Players. The circular lady with her eye-glasses securely chained to her ear—oh, he never could go home and face his family if he neglected to meet her. She is Mrs. Arbutus Stevenson Higgins, who conceived and directed those delightful Morris dances that the public school children gave in Des Moines last Spring.

The guest is always bewildered completely by this mass of introductions. It seems to him, after an hour or so of the thing, as if the hostess ought to go right on through with the idea. When he is leaving, she should accompany him to the hall, and gushingly exclaim, "Oh, you *must* meet Mr. Francis Xavier O'Connell—Mr. O'Connell runs this charming little elevator, you know."

EVENTUALLY, however, the introductions come to an end, and the real entertainment of the day begins. It is extraordinary how talented the guests at a studio tea always are. And they are so gracious, so ready to give pleasure to others—and to themselves—so lavish in their generosity with the gifts that Heaven gave them. There is none of this hanging back and waiting to be coaxed, none of this declaring that they haven't brought their music, or they don't know anything new, or they're not in very good form.

No, they step right forward, always ready and eager to oblige, even chafing a bit at having to await their turn. Some of them, in their pretty willingness to please, have brought along musical instruments or rolls of poetry—some, those ladies with a genius for interpretive dancing, have even gone to the trouble of bringing costumes. It is difficult for the unaccustomed onlooker to detect any difference between their costumes and their every-day attire. The way to tell is by glancing, as if casually, at their toes. If their feet are bare—they are performing.

The local talent at a studio tea invariably includes at least one lady who has just returned from a visit to Burmah, where she was been studying the native songs and dances. This gives her a chance to figure twice in the afternoon's programme, first in the Temple Dance of the Nautch Girl's Vision, and later in a musical number, in which she sits on the floor striking a defenseless, cow-hide covered instrument and chanting some catchy native song. Each of her acts demands a few words of explanation before it; there is no guesswork for the spectators. She gives a short talk on the habits and characteristics of the Nautch girls, offers a synopsis of the story of the dance, and explains how she has altered it to suit occidental onlookers.

The dancer will always have with her a little group of non-paying pupils, who will later give some of their class exercises. It is, perhaps, a bit awkward for the interpretive one to take her troupe around with her. Getting to the scene of the revelries is in itself no mean task. The disciples wear strange, flowing cloaks when dressed for the outdoor world; the band, thus attired, rather suggests a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan. Crowds of the populace are unpleasantly apt to form, and to follow the esthetic cavalcade. The general opinion of the canaille seems to be that the troupe is advertising something, and the more grasping of the mob come up and ask for samples. At the studio, too, there are apt to be a few hitches,—it is difficult to work the entire company into the dressing-room. But such trifles cannot cut in on Art, and the overflowing supernumeraries simply change their costumes, with easy informality, in the hall.

THERE is sure to be another traveled lady present, to read a paper on her fortnight in the Andes. She has brought another paper —on her week in the Sahara—along with her, in case of a tie, and when last seen, at the conclusion of her afternoon's festivities, she will still be hanging wistfully about, waiting to work in a third paper covering the flora and fauna of Persia. Her turn will be followed by an uncommercialized poet, who will give a reading from his more passionate works. After this, there will be a brief hiatus, while some of the hostess's oldest and most unmarried friends serve tea. During the ceremonies, the accompanist of the dancing lady will improvise dreamily, at the piano. Those who have participated in the dancing numbers of the opening part of the bill sit around during tea, retaining their costumes and bare feet.

After tea, there is always a fresh outburst of talent, but the ungifted guest can usually manage to sneak away and rush out into the night, when nobody is looking. He can quietly remove his hat from the deer's antlers in the hall and slink softly back into the workaday world, thanking his middle-class gods.

(Right) The English Georgian house of brick with limestone trim in the dignified style of the period stands on a hilltop and overlooks the valley, streams, and ponds of its grounds. Looking from the house, the vista shows the chancel of the great cathedral which is now being built in Washington

John Wallace Gillies

In early spring, the garden is filled with perennials and evergreens planted in formal fashion within brick walls. A brick path leads across the garden towards the cottage and stables, and an antique statue has been placed among the evergreens beyond the pool. The garden was planted by Miss Shipman

CHARLES A. PLATT, ARCHITECT

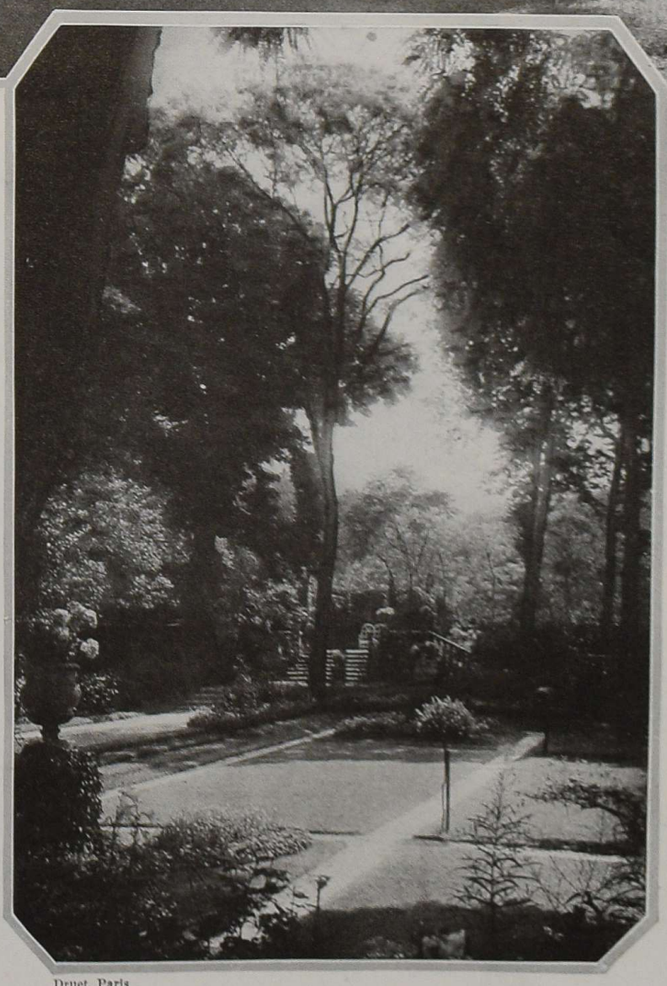
THE RESIDENCE OF

MR. JAMES PARMELEE

ONE OF THE NOTABLE

HOMES IN WASHINGTON

A royal and interesting history marks "L'Hôtel de la rue Masseran," the picturesque home of the Count and Countess Etienne de Beaumont, who recently entertained the Queen of Roumania. Built during the reign of Louis XVI, it became the home of the Spanish ambassador to the French court, whose sons sold it, in 1818, to the great-grandmother of the present Countess de Beaumont



Druet, Paris

Many a memorable fête has taken place in these brilliant salons since the marriage of the present Count and Countess who are noted patrons of the arts and who have given ready audience to the most modern of the musicians, poets, and artists. America, like all the allied countries, knows of the services of the count during the war in organizing medical service and automobile canteens

THE PARIS HOME OF THE COUNT AND THE COUNTESS DE BEAUMONT, NOTABLE PATRONS OF THE ARTS

AN HISTORIC FRENCH MANSION WHICH RETAINS ITS CHARM FROM THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVI

REVIVING *the* DECORATIVE PANEL

How Pictorial Papers and Rich Fabrics Can Be Used to Set in Walls for Their Enrichment

M. H. NORTHEND

As a background for furniture, very picturesque effects can be obtained by using inserted panels, which break the long wall space architecturally, and relieve the monotony of painted or papered walls.

This scheme, quite popular today in pretentious houses, is nothing more than the revival of a custom originated centuries ago in China. Chinese picture panels were imported by Dutch missionaries about the middle of the 16th Century. These were striking in effect, exotic in character and piquant, intermingling quality and individuality. A few architects of that day said they were an ugly fad, which would undermine the chaste principles of classic art. One, Isaac Ware, became so inflamed by their use that he published a book on classic architecture in 1776, in which he bemoaned the introduction of these panels which would eventually take the place of sculpture and corrupt art.

The panels, themselves, were the same as were used in the Chinese houses, and hung as a picture on the wall—fastened to a small rod top and bottom, similar to a parchment scroll. There is no record of the Chinese having pasted them to the walls.

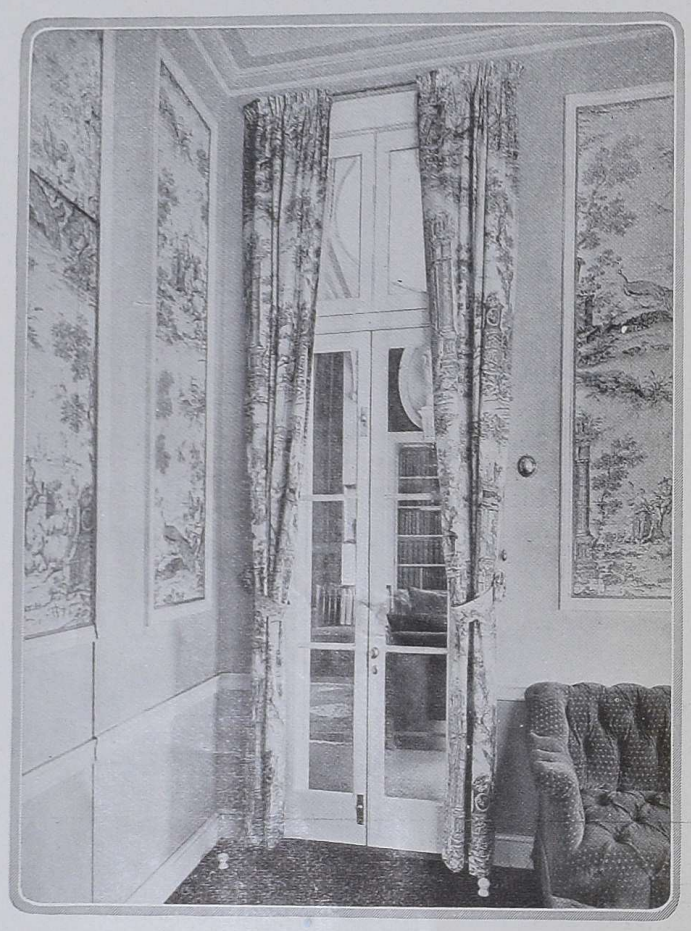
Dutch and French Panels

The Europeans, enamoured with this novelty, said that if tapestries, fabrics and leathers were adaptable for panel use, why not this paper?

Though the Chinese were the first to originate this idea, soon afterward they were made in Holland, and we find interesting Dutch wall panels in a few old houses, that are being reproduced for our modern requirements. These represent quaint Holland scenery, and are direct antecedents of the scenic wall paper which has become so popular today.

During the reign of Louis XVth beautiful effects were worked out in wall panels. The religious ladies of St. Cyr became interested in this work, and have left us charming souvenirs of their artistic skill. Louis XVI backgrounds have also come into favor in our 20th Century homes. While this period had little influence on exterior architecture, it left its mark on interior decoration. It was during his reign that wall treatment came to be of paramount importance. Paneling was widely used, natural wood, generally of oak or light colored walnut being paneled, and on these were painted landscapes.

This paneling can readily be reproduced; a few of the originals are still in existence. It is large, vertically oblong, the width varying according to the proportions of the room; some are narrow, others fairly wide. They are let into the wall space in a symmetrical manner, the boundary molding often being enriched with carved and applied motifs. The color schemes included green, yellow and buff. The woodwork of the room was utilized for the framework; sometimes it was gilded. Watteau and Fragonard painted a great variety of pastoral scenes and graceful arabesque compositions for these panels. Occasionally these inserted panels were adorned with characteristic motifs, as we find floral wreaths, knotted ribbons, and other decorative effects used. They were either applied directly to the wood, or worked out on canvas and inserted flat into the wood panel. Silks, velvets and brocades were often employed for panel filling, as were also painted linens and chintz. The method of using these was practically the same, the fabric being stretched on the flat of the panel.



A rose and white chintz, copy of an old French painting, is in the cardroom of the Boston house of S. Eliot Guld, Esq.

In the Jeremiah Lee mansion at Marblehead, Mass., is found this example of Colonial imported paper panel

Using Fabrics and Paper

Today we are introducing this same idea into our houses, using paintings, fabrics, and paper as inserted panels. In the old Colonial house the Chinese custom was followed—pictorial wall paper was inserted in panels. An example of this can be found in the Jeremiah Lee Mansion at Marblehead, Mass., built in 1768. The paper was made in London. Its backgrounds are in gray, and the scene is a Roman ruin with heraldic devices and armorial effects surrounding the panels.

For the modern decorative panel we can use verdure patterns, old time chintzes, and reproductions of interesting tapestries and fabrics, such as the exquisite Toile de Jouy design, in which birds and flowers are used as motifs. The last are rendered in a manner characteristic of the old Chinese hand-painted decorations. Some interesting specimens represent the frivolic peasant art influence, and we come across designs charged with a barbaric Orientalism as revealed in a Japanese manner in the old Parisian drawings. The most interesting are the French, with their classic interpretations produced on light backgrounds.

As we turn back to these delightful old-time features, it is quite essential that we take into consideration, not only the wall spaces they are to occupy, in our modern day homes, but the other furnishings of the room—for these panels form a part of the wall treatment. They serve as a background for the furni-

ture, and their selection depends to a great extent upon the style of the room. As they are applied flatly to the wall, they are not easily changed.

Two tone brocades are admirably adapted for living room purposes, where a wider latitude is admissible than in the other rooms of the home. They often combine tints of French gray or buff, as a background for the elaborate landscape designs. Then there are delightful softened effects as found in old verdure tapestry where formal gardens, resplendent with marble porticoes, balustraded terraces and fountains will add an irresistible charm to our rooms.

It was back in the 18th Century that pictorial designs were developed by celebrated artists, not only for use in wall papers but in printed cottons and chintz. These were made in sizes suitable for panel effects. From these we select many motifs for present-day requirements. In the selection we must take care that they combine harmoniously with the scale and general character of the room and create a picturesque atmosphere.

Many of these modern reproductions illustrate Florentine or classical scenes. Indeed, there are so many fascinating reproductions to choose from that it is not a difficult matter to make a selection.

The size of the panels themselves conforms to the wall contour, as shown in this dining room corner where verdure fabric is used. Lee Porter, decorator

Fabric Panels in Colonial Homes

One interesting specimen in a New England home shows a gray background, with trees and pastoral scenes, in natural colors. It is an 18th Century English print that had been stored away in the attic, and is now renewing its youth in the dining room of this remodeled Colonial home. When it was applied, great care was taken to make the panels fit the molding. The effect is that of a 17th Century painting.

From this we turn to a delightful bridge room where the gray and white painted walls are made festive by the insertion of an interesting 18th Century chintz in rose and white. The scene originally was copied from a famous old French painting. The restful color scheme of soft rose and white carried out in the furniture and rugs makes an interesting interior.

The beauty of blue Venetian sea and brown of castles is shown in the dining room, illustrated here. The room has a Colonial motif with a leaning toward French treatment, and the panels are particularly happy in this hybrid setting.

The Mechanics of Hanging

The mechanics of inserting paper and fabric panels in the wall are simple enough. Loosely woven fabrics should be stretched on a frame or spread over a strip of wallboard which can be inserted and held in place by the panel molding. Heavy brocades should be dampened and pressed to insure an even surface.

Paper may be laid either directly on the wall itself or on a piece of wallboard. The treatment will depend on the nature of the paneling in the room. If it is wood paneling, then the wallboard should be used to bring the decorative panel up to the required level with the other paneling. But if the panels are made by molding fastened directly to the wall, then the paper can be put in place as in any papering job.

While the more decorative and expensive papers, such as Directoire designs, are being used for this purpose, one can often find an inexpensive small patterned paper that will prove quite decorative as a panel and in harmony with the surroundings.

Fabrics and paper are generally shellacked before the molding is set in place. To give the panel an antique effect burnt umber is rubbed into the shellac before it is applied, thus giving the desired tone.

In the dining room of the Percival Palmer house at Philips Beach, Mass., old painted wall panels are inserted in the white woodwork, their colors enriching the room

PERIOD STYLES *in* OLD *and* NEW DESKS

Their Placing and Part in the Composition of the Room—Identifying the Types

H. H. BRIDGES

As early as the 16th Century, desks were considered of enough importance to attract the attention of master craftsmen. Their work, in turn, attracted the patronage of royalty, who, realizing the importance of the desk as a work of art, placed them in their most notable rooms.

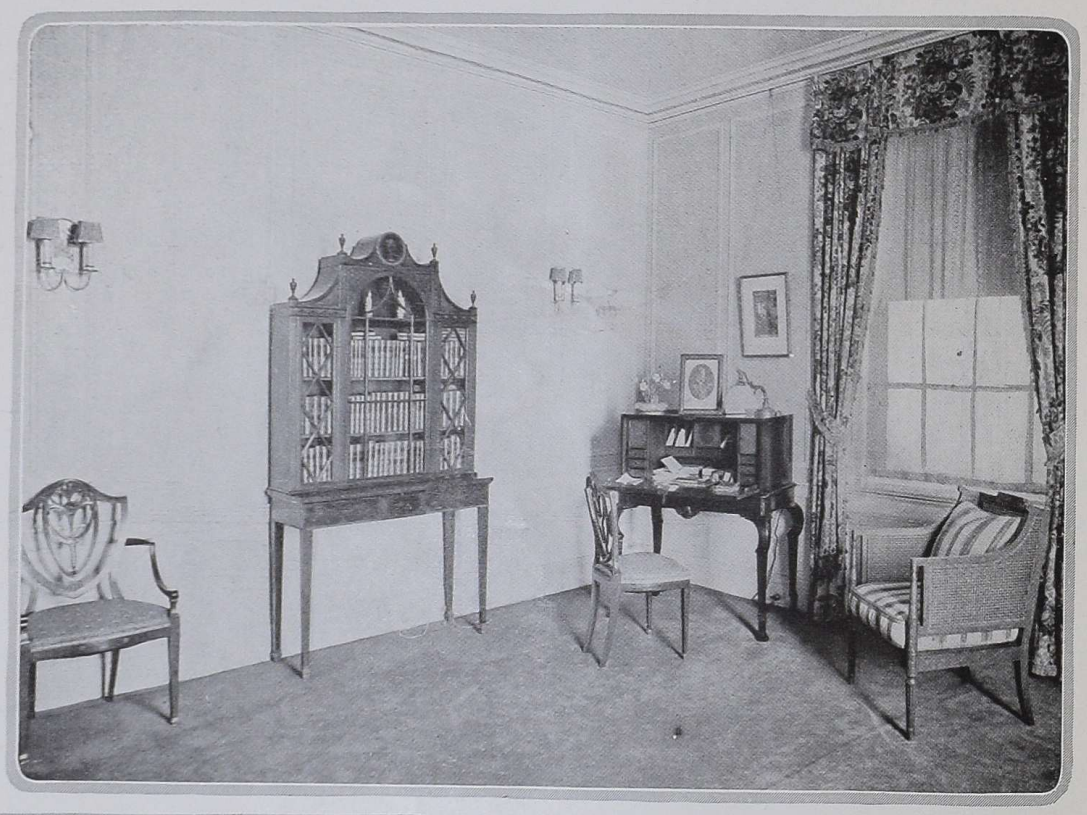
We have grown to feel the same admiration for this once neglected piece, especially during the last few years, for we realize that it has a distinct rôle to play in the composition of a decorative scheme, where period furniture is used.

When our country was young, few old desks were to be found among the scanty furniture. Our Colonial forebears could not bring over many of their belongings in the diminutive ships. One of the earliest that came to our shores was brought in the Mayflower, owned by no less a personage than John Alden. It was not a large desk, standing only 2½′ high and known as a bureau desk. This has never been out of the family and is treasured in the home of one of his descendants, and is in as good condition as when it was first brought here.

Another interesting example is the desk once owned by General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame. On it he wrote many of his war letters. It is a fine example of the ball and claw feet type, showing rising sun ornamentation on the drawers. In the old Stark Mansion at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, is another that was originally owned by Robert Morris, the "financier of the Revolution." It was inherited by the present owner, who is a direct descendant. These are only a few of the desks still to be found in homes over the country, with which history has been intimately connected.

In their construction the best woods only were used—usually mahogany and walnut, although sometimes white wood veneered was chosen. Desks of this period should be used in rooms where the furniture is Colonial in type, as they harmonize with that style.

Should you by chance have inherited an old mahogany desk, remember in determining its make that if it was in your family's possession before the Revolution it was in all probability an imported one, for furniture was not designed to any extent in our



Early Georgian feeling is found in this secretary in a New York apartment

From New England comes this type of early American desk with slant top

The red lacquer of this old desk has been repeated in the mirror frame above

A Spanish desk of the Baroque period with rich inlay on the doors, a typical example

To the right, a rare piece of green Italian lacquer with drawers below and cabinet top

country until after then. The master craftsmen gave to their own special work distinguishing marks that are helpful for identification. Chippendale leaned to table desks, and secretaries, which have glass doors. Many were exquisite in their workmanship, showing classic hand-carving on the feet and fluted columns. Hepplewhite preferred a heavier style and more severe, while Sheraton created, among other pieces, tambour tables to be used by both ladies and gentlemen. Many of his pieces were finished with plain legs, while others were twisted.

Classifying Desks

In classifying these desks they should be divided into three groups: antiques, reproductions and machine-made pieces. The last were never carved and followed such similar subjects that Ruskin, during his day, condemned them as unfit for use in any up-to-date room. For a time they went out of fashion, but today with the introduction of skilled labor, men who have studied the art for years have caught the spirit and with a perfect understanding of the type desired, are producing satisfactory pieces.

We are particularly fortunate in being able to control master craftsmen, who have come from Spain, Italy and even Japan, attracted to our country by our superior work. It is the mobilization of experts, such as these, that has led to such wonderful productions.

William and Mary desks are in favor at the present time. They prove satisfactory on account of their being able to fit into small places. The mahogany desk in Queen Anne's style also is fashionable for it is particularly congenial in a Colonial room.

For Men and Women

The man of the house demands for his library something in harmony with his furniture. If it is mahogany of the Colonial type, a Chippendale or Hepplewhite desk is applicable. Elaborately carved woodwork requires a richly carved desk.

The housewife prefers an entirely different kind of desk. It should have plenty of compartments; or if she has much correspondence, it should be a cabinet top, where she can place her letters. In chambers where old Colonial pieces are used the desks most adaptable are either walnut or mahogany. Yet, even here, discretion must be exercised for it would be unsuitable to place a Chippendale desk in a Hepplewhite setting. Then too, proportion and style demand a placing of desks that is in harmony with the rest of the furniture. In direct contrast, painted pieces demand either a writing table of the same color or possibly an odd piece which makes a pleasing contrast. For this, why not have a built-in desk in one corner of the room, painted white, and decorated with the same design used in the furniture?

Italian and Baroque Designs

We revel in the rich colors found in Italian furniture, admiring particularly those pieces that came into vogue during the Renaissance. The finest and most desirable desks came into vogue about the middle of the 16th Century. They embodied cleverness of construction together with good taste in design. Particularly happy was the choice of color. These Venetian workmen were most elaborate producers of furniture, and their type is easily recognizable as they use principally light shades with vivid polychrome decorations. Their favorite tones were light blue, gray, a greenish white, and an effective shade of light yellow.

The same designs were copied later by the Roman cabinet-makers whose work is characterized by the use of heavier colors. Following on their work came the Baroque, a style that reached its apex during the reign of Louis XIV. In both Spanish and Portuguese desks we find this Baroque note. An example of the Spanish Baroque is illustrated on this page. The desk is decorated with the old iron work, so popular with the Spanish craftsmen. The hammered wrought iron designs stand out on a background of dark wood in a decorative manner.

We must not forget the decorative value of lacquer, which because of its color value is often introduced as a single piece in the room. Oriental lacquer work is ornamented with gold, and mother-of-pearl. Gold ground lacquer is occasionally found in furniture, although black and red are considered most desirable by experts. One of these antiques occupies a wall space in the home of Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, M. F. H., of the Norfolk Hunt, shown at the bottom of page 28. The lacquer here is red, and the same color is repeated in the mirror hanging above.

In addition to these period pieces many enthusiasts are making over old furniture into desks, using the square piano and the spinnet for this purpose. The possibilities in this are limitless and offer a wide field for ingenuity.

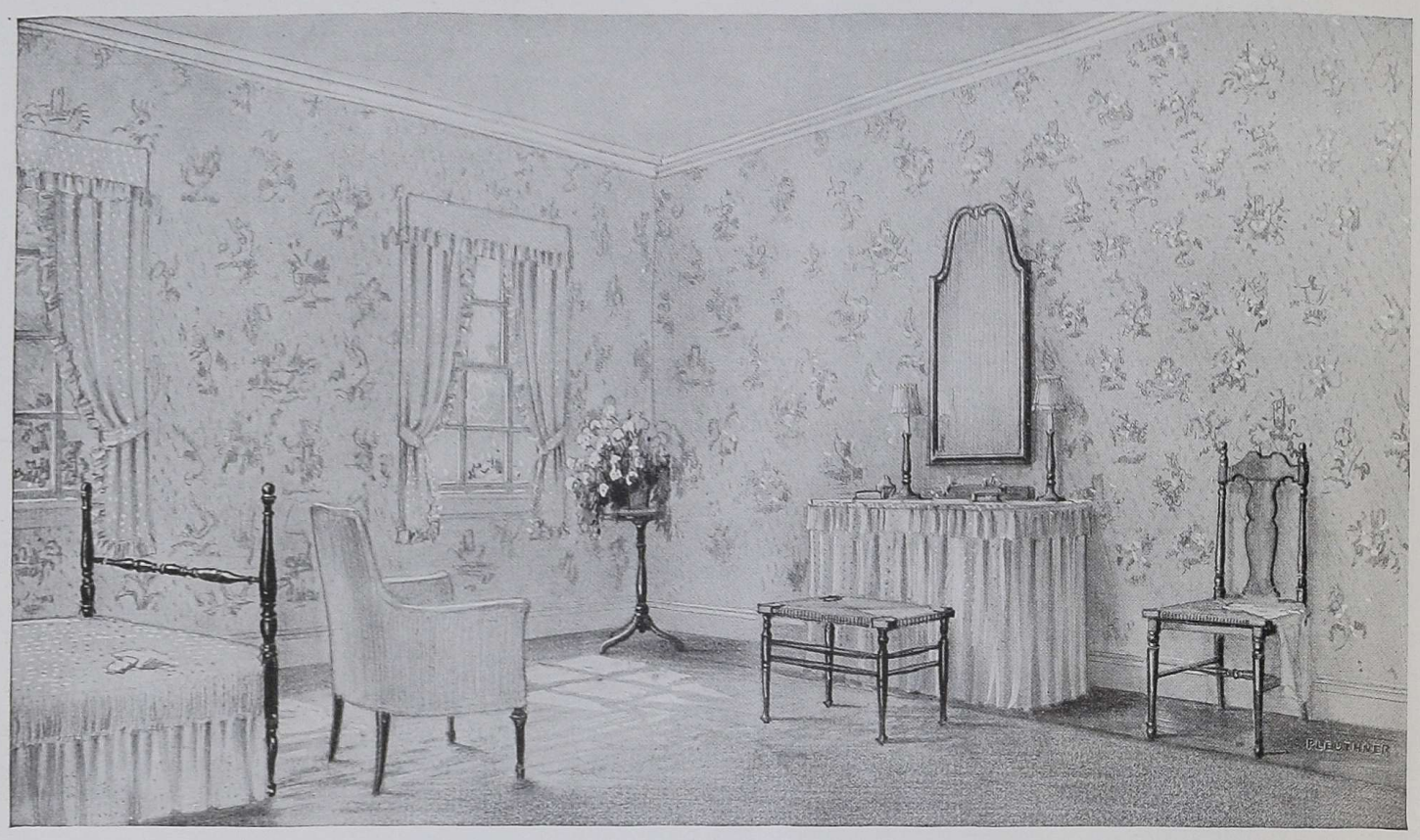
This revival of the desk as an essential piece of furniture is due to the fact that we are appreciating the architectural atmosphere of our rooms. We are considering them as complete pictures in which hangings, furniture and wall coverings combine to create a finished ensemble. Into this ensemble comes the desk.

The Position of the Desk

Heretofore the antique desk was relegated to a dark corner whereas, granted it has good lines and is in a fitting condition, it should be given a place of honor in the furniture grouping of a room.

The place for the desk is the position that affords light over the left shoulder—granted, of course, that the writing members of the house are right-handed! If possible it should not be in too public a part of the room. A corner is preferable. Although one often sees the desk placed between windows—and there it finds its best position as a piece of furniture —the cross lights are often amazing. But one can always sacrifice a little of her convenience to make the perfect grouping.

When the desk is used as an integral element in the furnishing of a room, it should be combined with accessories to form a group. There should be a floor lamp close at hand or a lamp above it. Pleasing garniture may be placed on top. A picture or decorative mirror may be suspended above.



A quaint old block paper in Queen Anne design, frilly dotted swiss curtains and dressing table hung with the same dainty fabric combine with the simple Colonial furniture to make a room cool and attractive

COLOR SCHEMES FOR SIMPLE BEDROOMS

A Variety of Combinations for Furniture and Hangings That Will Suit the Purse of the Youngest Householder

NANCY ASHTON

WHEN the question of furnishing the small house is considered, it is imperative to give particular attention to the furnishing and the decorating of the bedroom, which should be made as comfortable and inviting as possible, despite the necessity for economy.

The question of scale is an important one, and whereas the old Colonial furniture, though lovely in itself is frequently too heavy and cumbersome for the small house, graceful and appropriate reproductions may be found, which will carry out the spirit of the Colonial and yet fit into our modern existences. With this furniture, a variety of fascinating color schemes may be devised, either with wall paper and a plain fabric, or painted walls and chintz.

For a simple, inexpensive bedroom, well-made mahogany furniture, Colonial in design, is appropriate and effective. Four posters with posts so low as not to require a canopy are reasonably priced at $26.50 each. For these, mattresses and springs of very good quality should be procured, as the cheap sort are a very poor investment. A very good hair mattress may be procured at $37.00 and a very good box spring at $26.50.

The Chifforobe and Dressing Table

Among the most useful pieces of modern furniture, rivalling the high-boy in capacity, if not in line, is what is known as a chifforobe. This is about the height of a Colonial chest of drawers, and consists of two roomy drawers, with an upper cabinet of four trays. Excellent value of dull mahogany is the one chosen at $79.00.

On it stands a small toilet mirror, like the old Colonial designs, which is priced at only $17.50.

Instead of a mahogany dressing table, a simple one hung with dotted swiss and lined with the color which is to predominate in the room, will be found attractive and dainty, thus giving a little more variety.

This, of course, may be a homemade affair, a simple kitchen table serving successfully for that purpose, or it may be procured completely draped at $35.00.

Above it a graceful Queen Anne mahogany mirror is useful and appropriate, priced at $29.00.

One comfortable arm chair is essential, although, of course, a chaise longue is even more luxurious. A very comfortable chair may be had covered in a plain sateen, the chair priced at $57.00, and the sateen at $1.05 a yard. Then a small rush seated stool to be used in front of the dressing table, a rush seated side chair and a small night table will be sufficient to make the room adequately furnished and entirely livable.

With all this undecorated, almost severe mahogany furniture, it might be well to depart from the always restful, plain, painted, or paneled walls, and use a Queen Anne block paper of quaint and captivating design. This comes in several color combinations. One of the most attractive, in which the design is the least obtrusive, is a delicate combination of soft grays and pale yellow, with the faintest touch of pale blue on a white ground—cool and restful to a degree.

As to Swiss Curtains

With this, swiss curtains, with a yellow dot and a plain yellow sateen for bed and chair covering with the dressing table in the swiss, would be an effective combination. The lamps could be blue painted tin with pale yellow painted shades with a blue edge. A gray wool carpet would keep the whole room in a soft delicate color harmony.

For anyone with more love of color, the same wall paper comes in a design of mauves, blues and crushed raspberry on a linen colored ground. Used with this, the swiss curtains should have a white dot, with possibly a tiny edging of crushed raspberry, either fringe or binding, and that same vivid color in sateen could be used for the bed covers and the chair.

Dotted swiss, such as this, with a white dot, may be procured 72″ wide at $2.30 a yard, or 36″ wide at $1.15 a yard.

The swiss with a colored dot, either blue, rose, yellow or mauve comes 31″ wide at $1.95 a yard.

Sateen is really a very serviceable and useful material and comes in a variety of attractive shades.

A plain sateen is used for the bed covering and on the one upholstered chair. The wool rug is also without design, thus confining all the decoration to the walls

An interesting room was evolved from the use of jade green sateen for hangings and a smart dark blue chintz with touches of rose and mauve in the design, for the furniture, some of which was painted the delicate jade green with a line of dark blue as the decoration. The wall paper was a delicate gray and the carpet a deeper shade of the same color. One or two of the smaller pieces of furniture were in walnut and the dressing table hung with the jade green sateen was smart with dark blue glass bottles.

A very tiny room was fascinating in a combination of oyster white, blue and salmon color. It was the furniture that was oyster white, with a nosegay of blue and salmon colored flowers, the curtains salmon colored silk, ruffled and tied back, and there were two or three bright blue tables, whereas the dressing table in its stiff white muslin skirts edged in blue looked like a crinoline.

A Toile de Jouy, 18th Century in design, in several tones of rose on a cream colored ground, was used as a wall covering in a very feminine room.

All the furniture was Louis XVI. in tones of cream, and the small comfortable slipper chair was upholstered in the deepest tone of rose taffeta. The woodwork was also cream, and at the windows hung white thin muslin curtains edged with a narrow lace. Two straight emerald green vases stood on the little mantel, filled with old fashioned nosegays of roses.

A Water Lily Room

The soft delicate colorings of a water lily were the inspiration for one particularly cool and restful room. The walls were painted that warm yellow which is at the heart of the flower, and at the windows hung silk gauze curtains of a delightfully soft green tone.

The Queen Anne block paper comes on linen ground with mauve, blue and rose in the design, or in a delicate combination of gray, pale yellow and blue. $.75 a roll

Most of the furniture was painted a mellow cream, with a delicate tracery of water lilies. On the chaise longue, a watery blue sateen was the background for a mass of small taffeta cushions covered in the varying delicate tones of rose, blue, green and yellow, which make water lilies so alluring.

A rug in soft watery blue was used. The dressing table was smart in crisp yellow organdie.

Another color combination which is most attractive is the old-fashioned tea rose yellow and delicate heliotrope. With such a plan the furniture might be painted a delicate heliotrope with a line of gray and a very fine line of yellow.

The chaise longue and little slipper chair could be covered in a yellow and mauve chintz and at the windows a tea rose yellow cotton crepe would be effective.

A gray green rug could be used in this room and the walls might be painted a delicate mignonette green.

One or two spots of deeper mauve in the way of cushions and toilet articles would be effective, and the dressing table could be hung in the chintz.

Among the new linens there is a particularly luscious shade of watermelon pink, which would be sufficient to form the nucleus of a pleasing color combination. It comes 36″ wide at $1.75 a yard, and could be used as window curtains bound with a blue linen, and also to cover either arm chair or chaise longue. In combination with it, a strong blue swiss dotted with white would be most attractive, for the dressing table. This comes 31″ wide at $2.25 a yard. White ruffled muslin bed covers could be used with this plan, lined with a pink sateen. Mahogany furniture would be appropriate, with the walls panelled in ivory color and a line of strong blue in the molding.

The Question of Costs

The following is a complete list of the furniture mentioned in the article and pictured in the two views above:

2 Mahogany four posters, 3 feet, 3 inches outside width @ $26.50 each	$53.00
2 Special black hair mattresses @ $37.00 each	74.00
2 Box springs @ $26.50 each	53.00
1 Chifforobe, 36 inches wide	79.00
1 Toilet mirror	17.50
1 Rush seat stool	12.00
1 Night table	16.00
1 Chair	57.00
2¼ yards 50 inch material @ $1.05 a yard	2.37
1 Queen Anne mahogany mirror	29.00
1 Dressing table hung with dotted swiss	35.00
1 9 x 12 wool rug, reversible and seamless	60.00
2 Pairs dotted swiss curtains @ $16.00 a pair	32.00
2 Sateen bed covers @ $24.00	48.00
1 Rush seated side chair @ $18.00	18.00
2 Painted tin lamps with parchment paper shades to match @ $22.50	45.00

Harting

Happily suited to the comfort and dignity of a large Chesterfield sofa is a slip-cover fashioned of mellow toned chintz with a bird and column design in browns and yellows blending against the plum coloured background. A ruffle finishes the bottom of the cover which fits with a snugness unknown to the old-style covering. The slip-covers mentioned in this article are from Wanamaker

THERE'S MANY A SLIP FOR THE DECORATOR

Slip-Covers, Once a Sad Feature of Summer in the City, Now Rejoice the Eye with Snug Lines and Rich Colourings

ANY ignominy which may in the past have been attached to the term "slip-cover" has long since been removed, for the most correct tailoring now goes to the making of the smart summer attire for every variety of furniture. Even to the involved curves of a Louis XV bergère, a trim ruffled cover has been made to conform successfully.

Many smart hostesses favour slip-covers for the large upholstered pieces, such as davenports and armchairs, even for all-year use. In many attractive living-rooms, gay chintz covers share the honours with the most beautiful petit-point and with rare and exquisite imported damasks.

CHINTZES OFFER VARIETY

The English fashion of having different sets of chintz covers has also been adopted in some American homes. These may be sent away and dry-cleaned or carefully laundered in rotation, thus giving to one's every-day environment a variety which many people enjoy. These slip-covers, of course, are always useful as a protective measure for delicate toned fabrics; and, when not used for the year round, they help to keep the original and costly upholstery of the furniture fresh during the dusty summer months.

With a fringed covering of blue linen, a small Directoire dining-room chair is ready for the heat of summer

Just as in tailoring, so in making the slip-cover, the most essential factor is perfect fitting. This requires careful and painstaking workmanship and can not be left successfully to the amateur. Where the cushions are separate from the furniture, they should have their own covering with piped seams, and in every instance the lines of the chair or settee should be carefully followed.

Chintz, either glazed or unglazed, is always attractive and appropriate for this purpose, or plain linen may be chosen in any of the delightful new shades. A checked gingham has also been found effective in simple country houses. Whatever the fabric chosen, it should be sufficiently thick and durable to insure its being dust proof and of a quality that will last at least a season.

NEW WAYS OF FINISHING

The new covers are either made with a ruffle, plaited or shirred, and edged with a contrasting shade of plain material, or they are finished with a smart fringe. With the fringe edging, a scalloped skirt has been found attractive and new, and the same close-cropped fringe may be used to follow the lines of the chair or couch. By interesting colour combinations, the covers may carry out the plan of decoration of the room.

DRESSING ON A LIMITED INCOME

A FASHION as lovely in its place as the necessary sweater, and far more susceptible of variation and elaboration is the smock. Though formerly made up in Japanese crêpes, ginghams, and similar fabrics, smocks this season are appearing in such lovely materials as organdie and Georgette crêpe. The hand-embroidered smock at the lower right adapts Georgette crêpe in jade green checked in rose colour. It is scallop edged in jade green wool, while the sash belt is finished with wool tassels; the price of this unusual smock is $20. The garden hat with tucked crown is of pink French linen trimmed with satin ribbon in jade green and pink, though it may be had in any colour; it is priced at $18.

Sketched at the upper right is a smock in blue French linen with a binding of white linen and a scalloped neck-line. This dainty garment is priced at $15. The leghorn hat in natural colour is trimmed with a scalloped over-hat of the blue French linen and with a white moire ribbon; it is priced at $12.

For the smock sketched at the upper left, burnt orange French linen is hand-embroidered in navy blue with coloured floral motifs. The price of $40 is somewhat higher than that of the others on account of the embroidery. To go with this smock is a hat of the orange linen trimmed with groups of tucks and a band of picot-edged navy blue ribbon; the price is $20.

Organdie is one of the newest of materials for smocks, and of organdie is the rose-coloured model at the bottom of the page, with deep turn-back revers. Deep bands of the material finish the sleeves and the neck-line across the back. Very lovely is the old-blue girdle of beads finished with silk cord tassels; one may obtain this hand-made smock for $20. A hat of natural colour leghorn with a band of rose ribbon wears a frill of old-blue chiffon veiled in cream shadow lace; the price of this hat is $25.

At the lower left is a grey crêpe de Chine smock finished with a "feather fringe" and cut with a bib-like apron. It is priced at $25. The smart mushroom hat of coarse red milan straw is trimmed with field-flowers; price, $20.

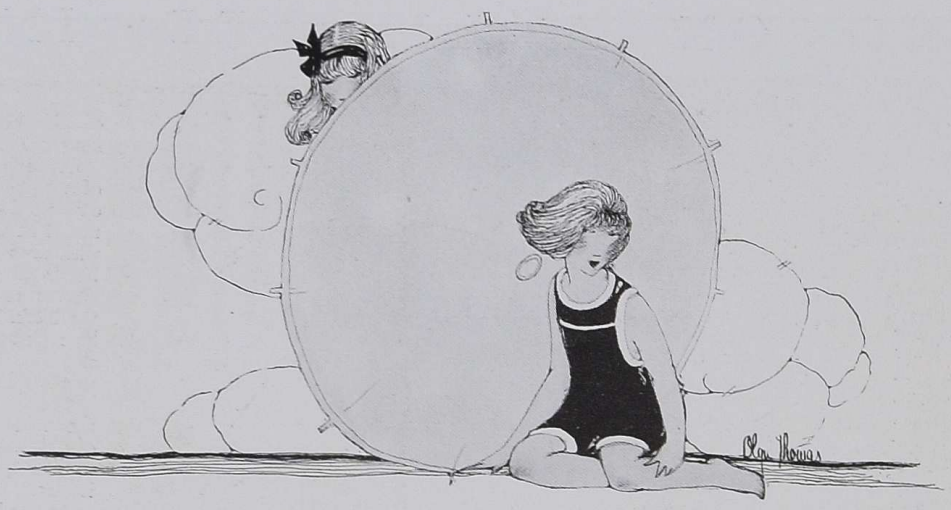
Note—Vogue conducts this department to meet the needs of the woman with a limited income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, enclose a three-cent stamp, and it will answer without charge any individual question on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest patterns. Vogue will cut a pattern of any costume shown in this department at the special rate of $3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned patterns, $5.

(Above) In sheer fabrics and lovely colours, the new smocks are achieving a delightful variety of form and uses. French linen in burnt orange makes a hand-embroidered smock and a tucked sailor-hat tied around with a blue ribbon. The smock at the right in blue French linen bound with white, acquires a more formal air by its unusual sleeves and neck-line, while the leghorn hat wears a petal-like over-hat of the blue linen

Made of grey crêpe de Chine, a fabric in favour for the very newest smocks, this model wears a demure bib-like apron and a sash. To effect a smart combination, one also wears the hat of coarse red Milan straw faced with navy blue Georgette crêpe and trimmed with field flowers

(Right) One knows that this smock is very new, for it is of rose-coloured organdie trimmed with bands of the materie, and held at the waist by a girdle of old-blue beads. Over the brim of a leghorn hat banded with rose ribbon falls cream shadow lace

French fingers might have fashioned this jade green belted smock of Georgette crêpe checked in rose colour and scallop edged by hand in jade green wool. The jade green French linen hat which is decorated with tiny tucks, here repeats the lovely colourings of the smock with the aid of a green and rose ribbon, although it may be had in other colours



For the small boy or girl who tumbles about in the waves all summer, here is a little bathing-suit made in one piece, which may be had in a deep splash of rose or in old-blue jersey. The yoke effect, the legs, armholes, and neck-line are all outlined in white jersey

MODELS FROM TOTS TOGGERIE

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

That flirtatious look from under a shock of tousled bangs, may be partly due to a hand-made suit with knickers of natural coloured pongee buttoned onto a blouse of the same shade. Batiste ruffles make a playful trimming

Little boys from three to five years were simply invented to play in this hand-made suit of navy blue cotton poplin. Above the knickers flares a smock with a collar that may be worn high or low. White piqué trims this dashing outfit

Designed to whisk through all the impulsive whims and moods of a frolicsome day, this becoming hand-made frock of peacock blue crêpe has a collar and turn-back cuffs of the same material. Yellow flowers bloom in a dainty pattern

This bit of a careless summer butterfly jumping the rope is simply a fluffy little girl in a hand-made lavender batiste frock. Inserts of Valenciennes lace trim the waist and edge the collar, cuffs, and pockets. The fly-away sash is of organdie

No, she isn't a peppermint stick, she is a gay little person in a hand-made frock of white handkerchief linen striped with grass green. It has tucks and box-plaits and a sash and a batiste collar and—well, everything else that it should have

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The Poets of the Future

(Continued from page 63)

London and Berlin. Art decayed at the top. Two things, the most opposite things in nature, meet in our present æsthetic condition (I've often told you this before), the sincere ennui of sophisticated people who know too much, like Rodin, and a whole deluge of new populations who don't know anything at all, like the Ritz-Carlton-Chicago assemblies. These two tendencies, the effete and the barbarian, meet in the dog-trot and in Maeterlinck's plays; and they think they are seeing a sunrise. But, my dear boy, they are both of them facing a dying day. Meanwhile, I've found my group of young fellows who have discovered where the east really is. Who told them I can't guess. Some power must be at work in this land besides the educators. I thank God."

"Now for your idea," I ventured.

Meredith looked at me steadily and said slowly: "The ancient Romans had no common schools and no Universities."

"Well?" I said.

"*Yet* they produced Virgil, Catullus, Tibullus, Horace, and so on. That's the first part of the idea."

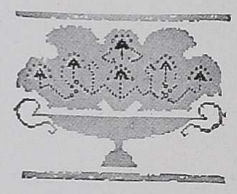
"*Lucus a non lucendo?*" I asked. "You mean that education would come in if we only could get rid of the schools?"

He waved his hand at the interruption.

"The second part of the idea is this:—any single first-rate poet does more for a civilization than forty Universities. To put it shortly:—damn Universities. Pen and ink, early access to the old poetry of the world, a breeze of inspiration in the age—those are the things that make poets. Nothing more is needed."

"But your *access*—" I said.

"It needs but a crack, a glimpse, an odd volume; the breeze does the rest. If you should expunge the whole common school system, private schools would do it. If you should legislate against private schools, secret teaching would do it. The impulse cannot be destroyed. That's my discovery. These young poets are going to preserve the classics. The well-to-do classes will keep up the traditions. The people who are to suffer by our abolition of Latin, and all it implies, are the high-school students, the great mass of poor human talent that really does lie within the clutches of our ignorant college Boards, and whose bread of life will be taken from them before they know what they are losing. That is the worst of it: it discriminates against the best class in the community, the indigent scholar. The attitude made by our educators is essentially an attack made on democracy, not on literature. The attack will fail. It does not lie in the power of Presidents Lowell, Hadley, Hibben and the rest to suppress literature in the United States."



The Art of Forain

(Continued from page 65)

hats reading newspapers; top-hats are hung—as they always are—from pegs on the wall; there stands the hideous waiter in conversation with a cocotte, thin-waisted and perverse. And—so astonishing is the effect that this has on one—that I can easily imagine myself there, as I used to, so often, so many years ago.

Le Bar des Folies-Bergère is curiously different from Manet's. One sees the circular tables, the people seated, the living crowd that seems to move and that does not move; and a most singular view of the staircase up which vague figures ascend. The center is a Manet-like cocotte, fashionable, who holds her fan in her hand: one sees her black chignon, her smart bonnet; and she talks, of course, with an odious *Gommeux* whose fixed stare does not even disconcert her.

One, *Le Cabinet particulier*, is magnificent in conception as in execution. It represents a room where the table shows that the three have dined: as in the wine-glasses, the coffee; one girl in chemise with bare arms sits on the edge of the table; black curled hair falls across her face, as the other who leans her head on her hand, elbow on table, is leaning forward. Hideous, bald-headed, bearded, an old Jew sits crouched on the end of the divan; he seems to try to read *le Soir*. In the whole thing there is fine irony; and, as in another picture where a naked woman lies abandoned on a bed like a coiled snake, here also is sheer mastery of genius.

It is certainly strange that Forain should, in the midst of his usual work, have devoted himself to doing etchings on religious subjects: yet, to me, one or two of these might be compared—at whatever distance—with those done by the greatest masters. Take, for instance, not only *Le Calvaire* (1902), so utterly perfect in execution that, even in its poignant modernity, it brings before one's vision the actual Golgotha, but *Le Retour de l'Enfant prodigue*, in which I find an almost unspeakable sense of rapture in the passionate tenacity of the embrace of father and son; they have rushed into each other's arms, as the heat of the noon bears witness. This, indeed, might almost be compared with a Rembrandt, who has been wrongly accused of sensationalism in his use of light, of sacrificing truth to effect. At times he seems to do so, but he cannot distribute his light with the indifference of the painter to whom all visible things are equally important. He takes sides with people and things (does not Forain also?) loves and hates them (does not also Forain), and light is his touchstone, it draws and dissolves, creates and criticises.

Perhaps it were better, on the whole, to compare Forain with Rubens. Forain's creations are never evoked by tenderness; nor are they ever made to look beautiful because they have inherited beauty by right of birth. Where he is most like Rubens is in his content with the appearance and mere energy of life; and, if anything, more content than Rubens, in the joy of merely being and moving which captures the senses. But, his taste for flesh being simply Parisian, he never attains for an instant Rubens' inexhaustible hunger and thirst for the flesh. To Forain, to most of his curious creations, satiety is almost everything: to Rubens satiety is unknown.

PARIS DANCES *to the* PIPES *of* PEACE

(*Continued from page 59*)

These reasons, which, I assure you, are most weighty, soon overwhelmed the solemn arguments of our keepers of the public morals. Thus the reawakening of France and of Paris was celebrated, as befitted the occasion, with music and the rhythm of the dance.

As I have said, dancing is to-day a veritable madness. Wherever one goes, all the world is dancing. Individual hosts and hostesses crowd the social calendar with dances, and, as that is not sufficient to appease the dancing fever which has seized upon our charming young people, dancing clubs have been organized, like that of Madame Mitchine, which was famous before the war, and of Mlle. Cabanel, who recently held a festive opening of her "Chu-Chin-Chow," a delightful room, which she herself has decorated in daring yet harmonious fashion.

GRACE AND GRAVITY

At this "Chu-Chin-Chow," every one dances ardently, madly, under the soft lights and with, despite all the enthusiasm, an unprecedented sedateness. For the strangest thing about all this dancing is that the characteristic dances of the moment have all a touch of gravity, a suggestion of ceremonial. People go through them with a predetermined modesty, which noway resembles the frenzy of the dances in the days before the war. There are no more of those ungraceful bounds with their natural accompaniment of cries and laughter. To-day all the movements are of measured grace, even in the swiftest turns of the dance. Not dances which every one can dance, are these. They must be studied. But for the trouble one takes in learning them, one is rewarded by the consciousness of appearing, as one dances, the embodiment of grace and charm.

What, then, are these dances so much in favour in Paris? First of all, the tango, reawakened from its long sleep and appearing in perfection, in spite of its years of neglect. Many authorities had decided that the tango would never reappear. So sure were they that they made it a symbol of past seasons and referred to "the time of the tango." They were wrong. The tango is beyond the reach of the finger of time. It is true that the tango which is danced to-day is not exactly like that of 1914. There is a slight shade of difference, so that one might call it both more languorous and more reserved; it is also less complicated, and doubtless those who dance it know it better. At least, the eyes are no longer grieved by the sight of the unhappy couples who used to tread its measures lost in an agony of mathematical calculation, their eyes fixed on the ground as if to reproach their hesitating feet with every error. The tango of to-day glides gracefully from one movement to another.

THE ALL AMERICAN DANCES

The one-step and two-step are also much in demand. They delight our American friends, who, moreover, dance them with amazing skill. It is a delight to see them, buttoned into their snappy uniforms, advancing with gracious assurance and with such a perfect sense of rhythm that one can not follow their swiftly moving feet. They have it in the blood, and the truth is that they can dance these dances to almost any music, though nothing else fits it so completely as "ragtime" or those engaging, febrile, and tantalizing "*pasos-dobles*," which have come from Spain and are yet played but little, but which will be the sensation of to-morrow.

Perhaps the greatest favourite is the fox-trot, which I need not describe since it is universal, but which has become a sort of obsession here. Out of every three dances, at least one is sure to be a fox-trot. Those unskilled in dancing fancy they will have no difficulties with this dance, so simple does it appear. That very simplicity, however, is deceptive. To dance it well requires a distinction, a manner, which is rather unusual. The bending of the knee, the sudden swiftness, the fantasies which give it character can be executed only by excellent dancers, and this accounts for the favour it retains.

It can not be denied that some dances — and very charming ones — are in eclipse. The double-Boston, the figure waltzes, and the Brazilian maxixe. In the case of the figure waltzes, this is easily understood. They are very difficult, requiring true artists in dancing and almost unlimited space. And space is not to be had at present, for every one wants to dance and no one is willing to miss a single number. With the Brazilian maxixe, however, the case is different. This dance is so pretty, so harmoniously graceful, and, at the same time, so easy, that, it is safe to predict that it will soon return to favour. Moreover, it is still not forgotten; it keeps its charter, as it were, while waiting to resume its place in the near future.

On the whole, Paris, just at present is a crucible in which is bubbling with vigour the dance of to-morrow. The result will be a composite thing, a dance compounded of Creole languour, of tropical passion, and of French intensity, in which will be mingled the sane vigour of North American countries. It will be both intense and gracious, slow and sharply accented, crisp and graceful, with a definite technical foundation, elaborated with a thousand variations. And it will be delightful.

FRINGES OF THE DANCE

As may be imagined, these enchanting dances are not danced without due regard to the dancing frock. On the contrary, the toilette is of great importance. Women have found this season ideal costumes for the rhythmic movement,—the paillette gowns, and, above all, the gowns with fringe.

These gowns with fringe seem to have been created on purpose for the tango, the fox-trot, and the two-step. When the movement is slow, they fall straight with all the weight of their many strands and give to the long lines of the body the seductive grace of a Tanagra figurine. When the dance grows swift and excited, they fly out in a circular sweep; they become ample, magnificent, waving, full of life. Their rhythmic fluttering is the visible index of the eagerness and enthusiasm of the dance which they adorn. At the opening of her "Chu-Chin-Chow" room, Mlle. Cabanel appeared in a white satin frock with row upon row of fringe, and the effect was charming.

To me there is nothing in Paris to-day more intensely alive than its dances. They are the most exact expression of the mood of the moment. The sober, correct, tailored distinction of the men, the sumptuous and joyous grace of the women, the colours of their gowns mingling softly in the subdued light, the passionate intensity and the gravity of the faces, the effects at once extreme and subdued, the fever of pleasure mingled with an indefinable joyous innocence,—all these things create constantly shifting scenes, animated, vivid, and immensely characteristic of the times. Scenes, they are, such as we have never seen before and which perhaps to-morrow we shall no longer see, and they delight the eyes and hearts of all who love spectacles in which art is combined with a love of life.

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ALL *the* WORLD'S *a* STAGE *in* PARIS

(*Continued from page 35*)

no such distinction of costume. There is hope, however, since the right to elegance in our theatres has returned to us, and doubtless we shall soon see the end of these crowded halls, like the waiting-room of a station, where men in sack coats and women in wool frocks are the expected thing. Habit and laziness are strong forces in human nature, and some people find it hard to combat them. There are too many who are careless of dress still, but I am counting on the scornful eye of a neighbouring snob (there will always be some for the purpose) to arouse the neglectful to the fact that wherever one is and whoever one is, evening demands a change of costume.

By the side of this neglect of elegance, we see, of course, excess in the opposite direction, — women without bodices, or so nearly so that it amounts to the same thing, seated in the parterre. If only they were in boxes. But not at all; you find yourself seated by the side of a woman who possesses neither sleeves nor gloves, and the effect of such generosity of bareness is to take from the most beautiful thing in the world something of its exquisiteness and, let us say it frankly, something of its value. The established principle which proportions this value to the rarity, marks the lessening of charm through this excessive décolleté.

It may be urged in extenuation that the wearer of such a costume is going on to a supper or dance after the theatre. Doubtless that is often true, but in such a case, the woman of impeccable taste would occupy a box at the theatre or, at least, would wear her wrap, if she preferred to sit in the parterre. Moreover, we shall soon be all of one mind in this matter.

AN ENGLISH THEATRE IN PARIS

Plainly it would be a different matter if all the theatres received us as does the new Palace Theatre, in stalls so large and passages so cleverly arranged that one is never forced to rub elbows with one's neighbours. But unfortunately most of our theatres are far from rivalling the comfort of this theatre of English design.

Great interest was aroused by the announcement of the construction of this theatre, which was due to the initiative of an Englishman, Sir Alfred Butt, Director of the Empire, the Adelphi, and several other theatres well known in London. Invitations to tea at the new theatre a few days before this opening brought together both society and the press. The colour, the comfort, and the admirable plan of this theatre where every one can see and hear, were greatly appreciated. Enthusiastic groups gathered as at a private reception to exchange opinions. The same atmosphere prevailed at the dress rehearsals at which President and Mrs. Wilson occupied a box and appeared well entertained.

Also present at this performance were the Right Honourable Arthur Balfour, accompanied by Lord Derby, the French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, Lady Primrose and her fiancé, Madame Godebska-Edwards, and Mademoiselle Cecile Sorel, whose hat is sketched on page 34. In soft jade green felt surrounded by drooping plumes of the same colour, this hat exactly matched the jade necklace which Mademoiselle Sorel wore with a black gown half concealed beneath a sable wrap, for it remains cool. Capes of chinchilla were also much in evidence.

The costumes of Mademoiselle Régine Flory were from Callot, which means, of course, that they were the perfection of art, as were her hats from Lewis. Mademoiselle Brogden, whose blonde beauty is equalled only by her mischievous grace, was a delight to the eyes. It is a breath of fair English beauty which she brings to this Paris stage, and the decoration, the programmes, and the whole atmosphere combine to make us feel ourselves in England. It is inevitable that one should feel far from Paris when it is possible to reach one's seat by spacious corridors and to sit in wide and comfortable chairs and, above all, when no attendant looks for a fee for any service that may be rendered.

Sir Alfred Butt, who is to be congratulated on the success of his venture, was plainly delighted with the return which has met his effort in constructing a theatre in war time, in the face of a thousand difficulties and at the risk of several millions. Such a playhouse should be assured of success, for we have long been attached to the English dancers, the comedy stars, and all that goes to make up the typical English music hall. Naturally these English operettas are doubly welcome at this time when every condition tends to strengthen the bonds of friendship between these two countries.

"LES GRAINS DE BEAUTÉ"

The costumes of the tableau "Les Grains de Beauté," designed by Benda and executed by Dœuillet and reproduced on page 33 of this issue were a striking success of originality and distinction, and congratulations are due to the able stage director of the Palace Theatre, Monsieur Jacques Charles, who has often been applauded as an author. At the third performance of "Le Mari, la Femme, et l'Amant" by Sacha Guitry, the theatre was filled by a very distinguished audience dressed as in the days before the war. It is pleasing to see again in the boxes groups in which two beautiful women — not more — are fittingly placed against a background of black coats, for the greatest change in the theatre audiences at present is the rapidly decreasing proportion of uniforms, for demobilization is advancing. Added to this, the continual departures of Allied regiments bring us nearer and nearer to those "piping times of peace," when elegance and daring in costume are permitted.

At the Vaudeville Theatre is Mademoiselle Yvonne Printemps in the symbolic figure of "Sourire." There are few actresses so simply gracious as this young artist whom Redfern costumes with rare charm. Especially notable was her frock of corbeau blue silk jersey, buttoned down the front from top to bottom like a soutane and topped by a novel high collar which runs into points at the chin. The buttons are blue and the buttonholes are embroidered in white to match the wings of the hat and the ermine scarf with which Mademoiselle Printemps plays as with a fan. Only a woman as slim as she could wear the double white girdle which marks the waist against this somber background.

In the third act, which takes place in the foyer of a hotel at Aix-les-Bains, Mademoiselle Printemps appears luminous as a ray of sunshine. Her skirt is of ninon voile printed with roses joined with black ribbons, also printed. A little bodice of rose de Chine taffeta crosses in front and is knotted in a voluminous girdle in the back, leaving the arms bare. A capeline of Italian straw, caught up with a great rose with black velvet foliage, and a parasol of rose taffeta completes an ensemble of youth and freshness which delights us.

(*Continued on page 87*)

ALL *the* WORLD'S *a* STAGE *in* PARIS

(*Continued from page 86*)

The interpretation of the piece is excellent throughout, but especially noteworthy is the work of Mademoiselle Printemps herself, who makes clear her gift as a real comedienne, whereas we had previously known her only as a singer of musical comedy. Mademoiselle Printemps was married recently to Monsieur Sacha Guitry, and one sees already the effect of the teaching of this experienced master of drama.

"L'OCCIDENT"

At the Nouvel Ambigu, they present for us "L'Occident" of Kistmakers. This war which revives and exalts so many fine and noble emotions should inspire an ethical and exalted theatre, punishing crime and rewarding virtue. No such result, however, is visible in the plays at present offered us; our age which has given so noble an example of virtue in its own conduct, seems to prefer in its theatres only very commonplace spectacles, without a trace of beneficent influence. "L'Occident" is a play with a semblance of realism and much local colour. In the first act, the scene is laid on the terrace of a hotel at Toulon, with a view over the water and with the sun bathing everything in a luminous radiance. In the second act, the setting is a Chinese salon in a house near Toulon. Madame Regina Badet, who is the dancer, dances too little, but she gives well the impression of a nature untamed and full of a hatred which this daughter of the Orient vows to the Christians of the abhorred Occident.

The interpretation of the men's rôles is of first rank, giving an effort of studied respect and cordiality which, it is true, renders the atmosphere of the great family called *"La Marine,"* a little artificial. Monsieur Renoir is of surprising realism; he seems to have returned from those distant seas which change not only the mental but the physical aspect of a man. Excellent work is done by Messieurs Joffre and Maurice Varny.

Monsieur Max Dearly is an actor, of great talent that we have long known, but his presentation of Kistmakers "Roi des Palaces" at the Théâtre de Paris approaches genius. He alone, on the stage almost continually throughout five acts, makes the most everyday situations touching for us, amuses us, and gives us a variety and a touch of the unexpected which the play itself could never present in the hands of another actor.

The theme of the play has great charm and might have been developed into a drama of great interest and complex plot. "Le Roi des Palaces" keeps us in situations which, while not uninteresting, are very familiar, and it seems that the great cleverness of the author and the wit which he devotes to this somewhat commonplace play, might have built something of greater interest. Mademoiselle Cassive plays to perfection the rôle of the newly rich woman whose vulgar snobbery is very well presented. But unquestionably the success of the play is due to Monsieur Max Dearly, who remains the clever and intelligent artist greatly admired by the Paris public.

J. R. F.

CRISS-CROSS TOWN

You go up and I go down
The criss-cross streets of London town;
Strange it is we never meet,
Strange indeed, our restless feet
Bear us hither and bear us yon,
—But when you reach me I have gone;
And when I come where you have been,
You hurry out as I go in.

You turn the corner just ahead,
—I gain the spot and you have fled;
Though you are scarce a block away
I pass you blindly every day;
Forever near, forever far,
I wonder who and where you are,
And what the jesting fate must be
That plays at hearts with you and me.

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PROHIBITION IN A TEA-POT

(*Continued from page 28*)

across the candle gold and roses. There is danger ahead, however, unless one has been made an expert through experience long and ardent. Firelight has a great way with it when it shines on braids and curls. One may murmur the sweet nothings that invariably result from soft gossip over frail cups, and emerge half an hour later in cold terror and dismay, an engaged man. Only the most artistic barterings, then, will serve to adjust the universe and to put one back on the old familiar and carefree footing of bachelorhood.

Some erratic souls prefer, above all else, those glad, gay, turbulent affairs called by the uninitiated, Bohemian tea-parties—which is merely to state that they are Tea-parties for Weirdies. Such artistic specialties seek to gather unto themselves who's who, what's what, how's how, and, for that matter, when's when. Celebrities are their first love, worshippers their second. They are apt to be held in "studios," violent with much purple and black drapery and discordant with pictures by unknown artists, most of whom will be present and who will point out their masterpieces with loving care. One can pose on a lilac couch, smoking cigarettes or sipping tea, while a pallid youth, swaying rhythmically to and fro, reads a poem which mixes up a good many startling things about orchids, plumbers, crystalline heights, and blue fish scales. All this, he will explain, is symbolic. Only the truly great will understand it.

PARTIES FOR YEARNING SOULS

If one is in the right frame of mind, such experiences will, indeed, be elevating and inspiring. One will see, too, much short hair on the heads of soulful middle-aged ladies, and much long hair a-top soulless very young gentlemen. The individual who passes you your cup, in nine cases out of ten, will wear a smock and speak in a melancholy tone of the divine right of doing just as you please, and will completely forget to give you sugar or lemon. Yearning souls, exiled dukes, anarchists, chorus girls, æsthetic dancers, and youngest sons,—they will all be among this Little Group of Serious Sippers.

A summer tea-party in a garden, is, of course, a cup of a different colour. One cannot imagine the ponderous utterances of hungry dreamers or the sad sallies of shabby Russian violinists mingling with this gay and debonair atmosphere. It is all pink,—pink roses and pink cakes, pink organdie frocks and débutantes with merry little pink souls. There will be the flutter of fans, perhaps, and, mingling with blithe chatter above fragile and costly cups, an unmistakable air of coquetry. Even though one feels that one should object seriously, one will be caught inevitably in this delightful summer irresponsibility, and will begin flirting, oh, outrageously. It is surprising how really well even an inexperienced tea-drinker can flirt at short notice at one of these rosy, these bewitching, these provocative little parties in a garden filled with the laughter of sweet sixteen.

THE BEVERAGE OF A NATION

Let these be the ways of tea in a lighter, less serious mood. Consider now, Gentle Tea-Drinker, the more tremendous part this herb may play in the fate of a whole nation. No matter how hazy one grows in regard to history, one does recall in moments more or less rare and lucid, that the United States once gave a memorable and lively party in Boston Harbour. Once again this fragrant beverage is commanding the attention of an earnest people.

With all due delicacy I am now referring to that engrossing subject, prohibition. Should it really come, July will see the ascension of a dynasty of tea. On every street corner, no doubt, where before there stood those often too popular resorts entered by swinging doors, there will be instead, a bold little tea-room, from which certain gentlemen, with whom life has dealt too harshly, will stagger at all hours of the day and night, having drowned their souls in numberless cups and smelling strongly of tea. These tragic drunkards will be looked at askance by all that upright and virtuous portion of society which does not imbibe too freely of this dangerous tempestuous liquid.

TOO MUCH TEA

As for polite society itself, it, too, will notice marked changes. Algernon will meet Alphonso at the Club, grasp him heartily by the hand, congratulate him upon his recently announced engagement to an heiress, and invite him to make merry into all hours over an hilarious pot. Toast after toast will sound wickedly on New Year's Eve in smart restaurants, giddy with exultant throngs, all of whom are shamefully the worse for strong Orange Pekoe. And woe unto the unhappy wretch who is disappointed in Love; he will be driven to the depths of tea and will sink lower and lower until he looses his wits entirely in some obscure tea-room and thus disappears forever from polite society. Or, if after a night of carousal, one stumbles home uncertainly, one's discerning valet will smile knowingly and place the blame entirely on too many cups of black Ceylon.

Bitterest of all will be the politician who seeks solace in his defeat by drowning his woe in tea. Cup after cup he will drain until, by daylight, somewhat addled by the intoxicating liquor, he can turn sadly to the picture of his successful opponent and mutter in hoarse tones:

"Here with a Plate of Cakes beneath the Bough,
A Pot of Tea, the New York Times, and Thou
Beside me singing up in Paradise,
And Paradise were wilderness enow."

Indeed, with the ascendency of tea, all literature and drama will need to be rewritten. Broadway will soon flame with electric lights night after night announcing to enthusiastic crowds that John Barrymore is now playing in "Ten Nights in a Tea-Room." And John Masefield, doubtless enough, will write a new and stirring ballad, using for his theme,

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest,
—Yo-ho-ho, and a kettle of Tea!"

Lovelorn youths at idle moments may be overheard quoting softly to themselves:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will drink to thee;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not ask for Tea!"

Once more, too, will revive such appealing themes as—

"Give me three grains of corn, Mother,
And then a sip of Tea."

All in all, it is a mighty upheaval we are threatened with. One may even predict with some feeling of confidence that not so many years in the future things will be in such a pretty state that we shall see resentful labourers wearing on their way to work neat little buttons labelled wistfully, "No Tea, No Work."

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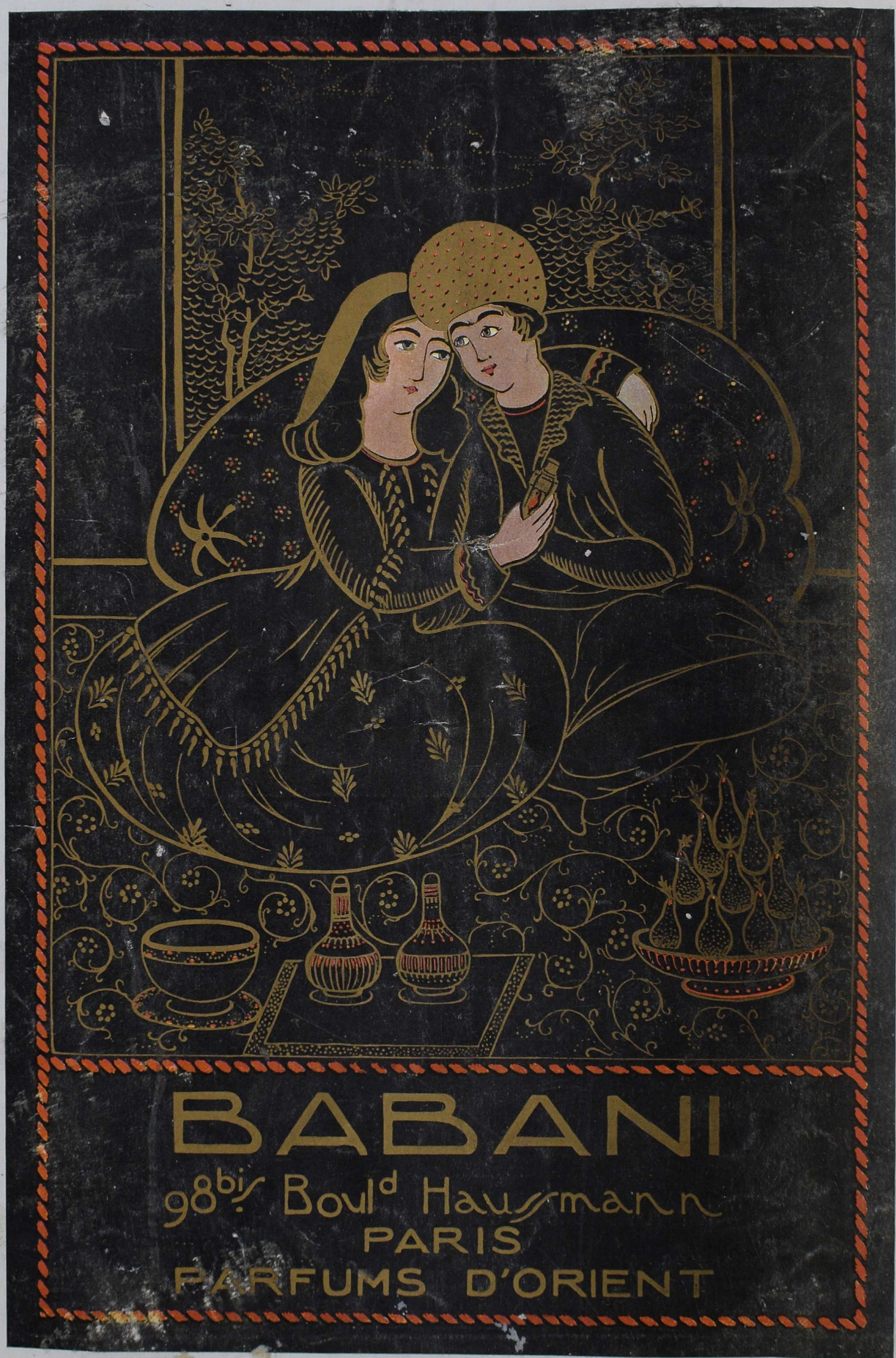

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NEW YORK